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The Values That

HENRY R. LUCE

1898-1967

Henry Robinson Luce, founder and for many years editor-in-chief of this and other TIME Inc. magazines, died of a coronary in Phoenix, Ariz. on Feb. 28. He was the most successful editor of his time, a great popularizer of ideas, a man who revolutionized modern journalism. A common reaction to his death was, "end of an epoch." Luce would have asked, "What epoch? How so?"

It would have been an enquiry; enquiry was his reaction to everything. The bottomless curiosity that led him into journalism, and made him so great at it, was never satisfied with automatic answers and usually led to an argument. What "epoch" indeed? That of Alger heroes, self-made millionaires? Thousands of young Americans have made their first million since he did. Was he, then, the last of the strong proprietary editors, the end of the Greeley-Pulitzer-Beaverbrook line? But scores of potential Luces are still founding new publications, some of them successful. Was he the last powerful spokesman for old-fashioned verities, for God, country and Yale? He was indeed a man of firm loyalties, including those three; he had a full set of prejudices too. But the values that chiefly bounded his life and work are not dated. They were the elements of what he called the "Great Liberal Tradition," to which he felt he belonged. They were liberty, reason and conscience, and they will surely bridge his era to whatever follows.

"Most of what I know as a journalist-editor and much of what I think," wrote Luce in a letter to Bishop James Pike, "has been expressed in some millions of words in TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE," mixed with the efforts and thoughts of "hundreds of colleagues." But, he added, "On various occasions, usually in the form of a speech, I express my views on major matters in my own idiom." He made many speeches, about a hundred of which he considered important enough to write down. They complement his magazines as a source for a biography of his mind, because he wrote them himself and usually said exactly what he wanted to say.

His speeches cover an enormous range. He did not hesitate to lecture architects on the "dreariness and corrupted fantasy" of the American landscape, businessmen on the bourgeois virtues, Italians on the role of God in politics, Englishmen on freedom or on Cromwell, churchmen on war. He rejoiced in fresh ideas and experiences; he valued surprise and often achieved it, as when he spoke to his assembled employes once on Wordsworth, another time on the Psalmist, still another on what he ate as a boy in China. There were, however, two ultimate themes to which his major speeches repeatedly returned. One was the nature and destiny of man, the other was the nature and purpose of the United States.

A lifelong Presbyterian, he was both a Christian and a civilized man in Justice Holmes's sense, for he could and did question his own first principles without fear. He once said before an audience, "O Lord, I believe—help Thou my unbelief." He loved to argue theology both with laymen and with theologians (such as Father John Courtney Murray) with no holds barred, in private or public. He planted the great questions of faith and life's meaning not only in his speeches but in his magazines. The magazines, he urged his editors, should reflect the belief "that human life is tragic and triumphant and also comic but never, as Sartre proclaims, absurd."

Yet even the "absurdity-futility syndrome," as he called it, or "modernity's wailing wall," served his purpose of stimulating serious debate on first principles. To a Quaker audience at Oskaloosa last year he quoted Critic Harold Rosenberg on the subject of alienation: "The threat of loss of self through . . . our mass society has brought Americans closer to ultimate questions than at any time since the Bible lay open on the parlor table." That, added Luce, "is the most hopeful sign of our times—the coming close to ultimate questions, the search for meaning." His own view never changed: "Meaning was built into life, in the beginning, by the Creator,

Shaped His Work

and that meaning will endure until the end of time."

His faith was of the teleological variety that interested him in the Jesuit evolutionist Teilhard de Chardin, who (as Luce wrote in LIFE in 1964) "does not drive us by moral imperatives. He draws us by the splendor and joy of his vision." The same could be said about Luce's other great theme, the nature and purpose of America. Although his ancestry was old New England, Luce's birth and childhood in China gave his patriotism a special edge. It was not a blind attachment to geography, it was an intensely intellectual and critical sort of patriotism. "An American can't take his Americanism for granted like a Norwegian or whatever," he wrote. "He has to criticize it. Because it is a Proposition—an ideal ever seeking incarnation."

Luce loved the American land and history and rejoiced in our national wealth and success. He startled audiences by predicting (or "demanding") a huge increase in GNP—for example, $200 thousand millions by 1956—only to see it way overfulfilled. But he was not satisfied with repeating the successes of the past and could ridicule many of them. "This has always been the country of easy answers," he said in Chicago in 1962. ". . . We're the country of the endless frontier, of the big sky, of manifest destiny, of unlimited resources, of go west, young man, of opportunity for all, of rags to riches, mass production, nothing to fear but fear itself, technical know-how, a chicken in every pot, gung ho and can do. . . . We have won all the marbles—and it just isn't enough. Further, the U.S.A. knows or feels that it is not enough."

It was time, he argued, for Americans, this "Pilgrim people," to set forth again on a new quest. Having been for 200 years primarily concerned with establishing a form of government, proving that democracy can be made to work, and bringing an age of plenty within sight, we are now called upon to create a society that honors "the good, the true and the beautiful . . . to create on this continent . . . the first modern technological, prosperous, humane and reverent civilization."

In 1941 Luce translated his patriotic idealism into a famous public policy proposal in his essay "The American Century" (LIFE, Feb. 17, 1941). It was an argument that the U.S. should accept the war it was then pretending not to be involved in and thus accept its destiny: "America as the dynamic center of ever-widening spheres of enterprise, America as the training center of the skillful servants of mankind, America as the Good Samaritan, really believing again that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and America as the powerhouse of the ideals of Freedom and Justice." In a country then split between interventionists and isolationists, "The American Century" made many enemies, but it was a prophetic summons. The idea of an American national purpose was one that Luce never abandoned, even though the purpose was tempered to changing circumstances through the years. He inspired the LIFE series in which a number of prominent Americans, including both presidential candidates, described their versions of our national purpose in 1960.

As Luce saw it, the American purpose is to establish human freedom in the world, the quest for freedom being "the central meaning of history in this age." After 1946 this meant (putting first things first), that we must win the Cold War, though his dedication to the "Great Liberal Tradition" of liberty, reason and conscience put him squarely in opposition to the McCarthy brand of anti-Communism. More recently the national purpose has required, so he felt, a renascence of political philosophy. His own contribution to that theme has been to preach the necessity, not of world government (that is the work of a later generation) but of world law. Liberty exists only under law, and "peace is the work of justice." Hence the promotion of world law is part of the American national purpose. The work done in this field by bar associations everywhere in recent years, and by Charles Rhyne's World Peace Through Law Center, was stimulated by Luce's preaching.

The constitutional law of the U.S., Luce believed with John Marshall and others, has always been rooted in the moral laws that govern mankind and the universe. The American Proposition, as he conceived it, was a system of liberty in which enough citizens believed in this moral law to govern themselves as principled individuals and so enable a government of limited powers to function. Thus only a believing and reverent people can be truly free, and "democracy is more than a political experiment; it is a spiritual and moral enterprise." Luce's universe and nation, his religion and political philosophy, were not identical but they were coherent and compatible, all of a piece. His father, Dr. Henry Winters Luce, had defined the purpose of education as "to make a man feel at home in the universe." His son's education never stopped, but he was always at home in the universe.

Sometimes a young writer would ask how Luce, so argumentative, so unbusinesslike, so reluctant to give clear orders, could maintain his authority over the high-powered collection of individuals he had gathered at Time Inc. John Shaw Billings, first managing editor of LIFE, had a short, true answer for that: Luce could think twice as fast as any other man in the shop. He was also, for those close to him, easy to love and impossible not to admire. His enormous worldly success was earned by hard work and conscientiously applied intelligence. Yet it seemed almost to embarrass him, for it came as the by-product, not the goal, of his chief endeavor, of his passionate need to know, to inform, to educate, to improve the world.

"The extraordinary thing about Harry's life," said Time Inc. Board Chairman Andrew Heiskell last week, "was that it was so complete." A subtle, probing, energetic man, Luce probably would never have admitted that his dreams were complete. Certainly his dream for America never will be. And for his friends, life will never be the same.

JOHN K. JESSUP

Vol. 42, No. 5 March 20, 1967

LIFE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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EDITORS' NOTE

'Stop and think what you really love'

All of us, I think, remember forever precisely what we were doing and where we were when we learned that someone close to us had died. I was in a store in Rome buying a pair of shoes to replace ones that had been stolen from my bag during the plane flight from Moscow to Warsaw to Vienna to Rome. It was there that I was told that Harry Luce had died.

In the first shock it was difficult to realize that the presence of this man in the world he had built—and in which to his last day he was so much a force—had gone. The impact of his originality and intellect will live on. And he is fascinating to remember, too, as a man. As I walked out into the crowded Roman sidewalk, glimpses of him—now memories—appeared in quick succession: the bushy, formidable eyebrows topping the intense blue eyes; the slightly stiff-legged walk; the gracefully shaped hand, working the pencil swiftly and emphatically across unedited copy; the shirt (usually blue), the suit (normally blue or gray); the necktie slightly awry; the voice, nasal and harsh, continuing the discussions he enjoyed and bringing to almost any topic his wealth of experience, of massive reading and of conversations all over the world.

Here he is, for an instant, sitting at lunch with his editors, probing their ideas, challenging their conclusions, referring all the while to clippings from newspapers or broadly scribbled notes on a yellow pad. Here he is in his office, pacing around, his coat tossed on the shelf by the picture window, taking the conversation into extraordinary detours that by some miracle of logic wind up on the point. Here he is in a crowded elevator, embarrassed to be hemmed in by people. Yet here he is the host of a party, gracious, distinguished, shaking hands readily and joining in the small talk.

Rome was sunny that Tuesday and the foliage edging the American embassy was green with a few flowers beginning to show. Harry Luce worked out of there for two years when his wife Clare was U.S. Ambassador to Italy. It was the nearest he ever came to being in the public eye. He did not like to thrust himself forward, and some outsiders came to look on him as severe and humorless. He could be both, but that was not all of him. There was lots of human warmth in him, perhaps disguised at times because of his personal shyness. He loved brightness of spirit, and he was a fan of the theater, particularly the best of the musical comedies. His taste in art was sensuous, turning to the airy brilliant hues of the French Impressionists. He loved to go to the movies and would take one of his grandchildren with him—that was his favorite kind of evening.

The personalities of remarkable men have their unpredictable twists and turns. It was hard really to know Harry Luce. He was an amazing mixture of severity and humor, irony and deep sensibility, scorn and appreciation, naivete and sophistication. He was rigid yet spontaneous, aloof yet friendly. As an editor he was generous with his talents, always insisting on his own high standards, and always looking ahead with great vision. I shall remember him for all these things, for his genius as a journalist.

But I shall also remember him for one special evening in my home. He sat on the sofa with a highball on the table in front of him. Next to him sat my youngest daughter, aged 14. For two hours he reminisced to her about things he had seen and done during his lifetime—well-told stories, crackling with anecdote. The adults milling around at the party tried now and then to listen in but he seemed hardly to notice them. He enjoyed his story-telling. She enjoyed her story-teller.

Harry Luce was an inspiration, and when he talked to us from a rostrum he would reach into his memories and his warmth. On one occasion, speaking with eloquence that had grown over the years, he took his theme from the Psalms of David. The evolution of the modern journalist, he said, began with the medieval troubadours. His advice rang out: "Be ye troubadours of the Lord." Another time he gave us advice in seeking out LIFE stories—advice strange indeed from a man reputed to be austere and cold. "Soon all of you will be leaving on vacation," he said. "When you are away, stop and think about what you really love, what things you live for, and what things you would die for."

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT, *Managing Editor*

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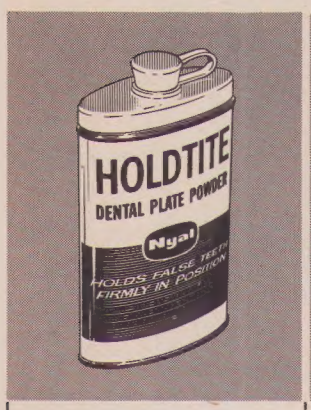

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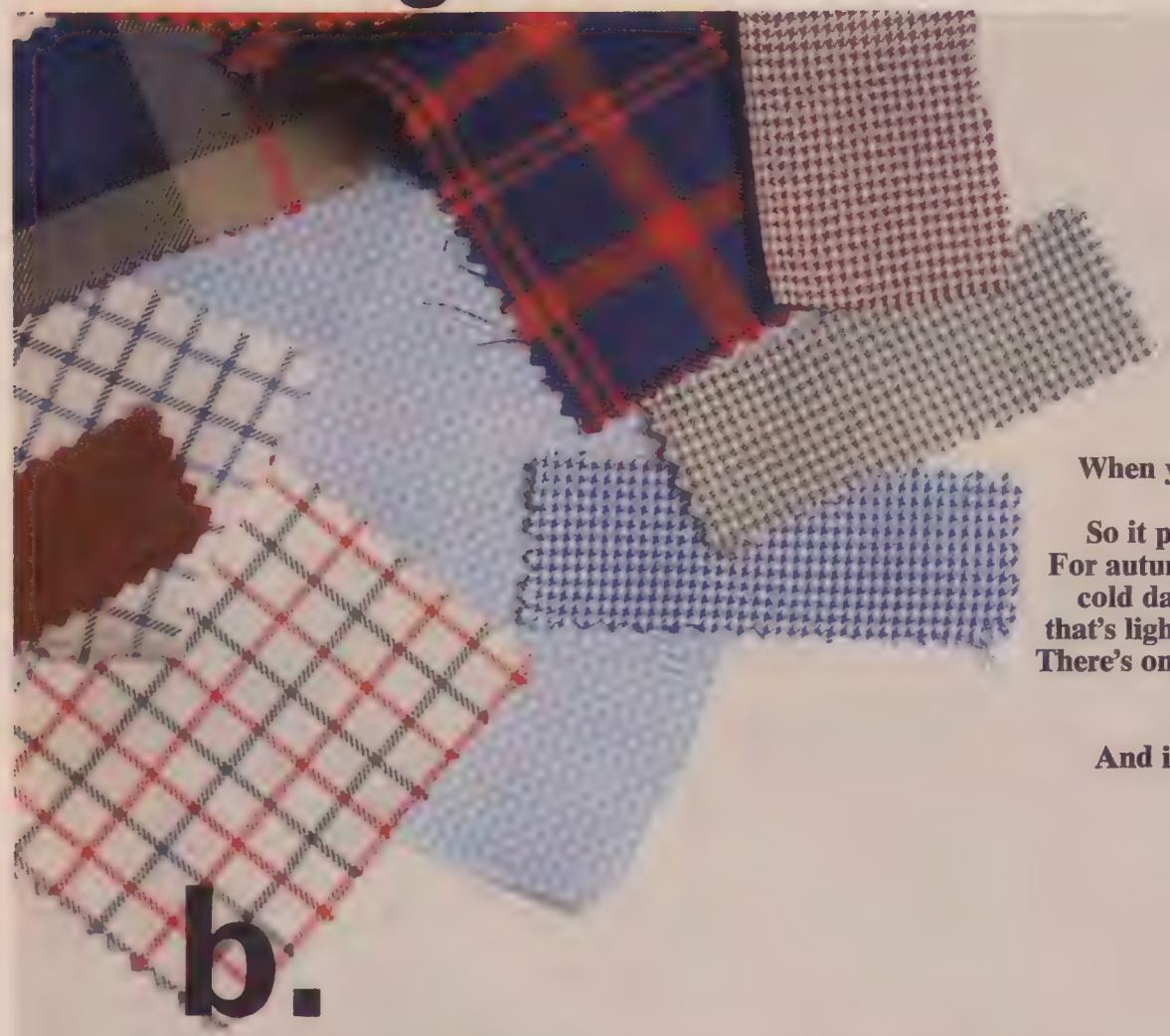
Ford

Know a good shirt when you see one?

(To Be Continued)

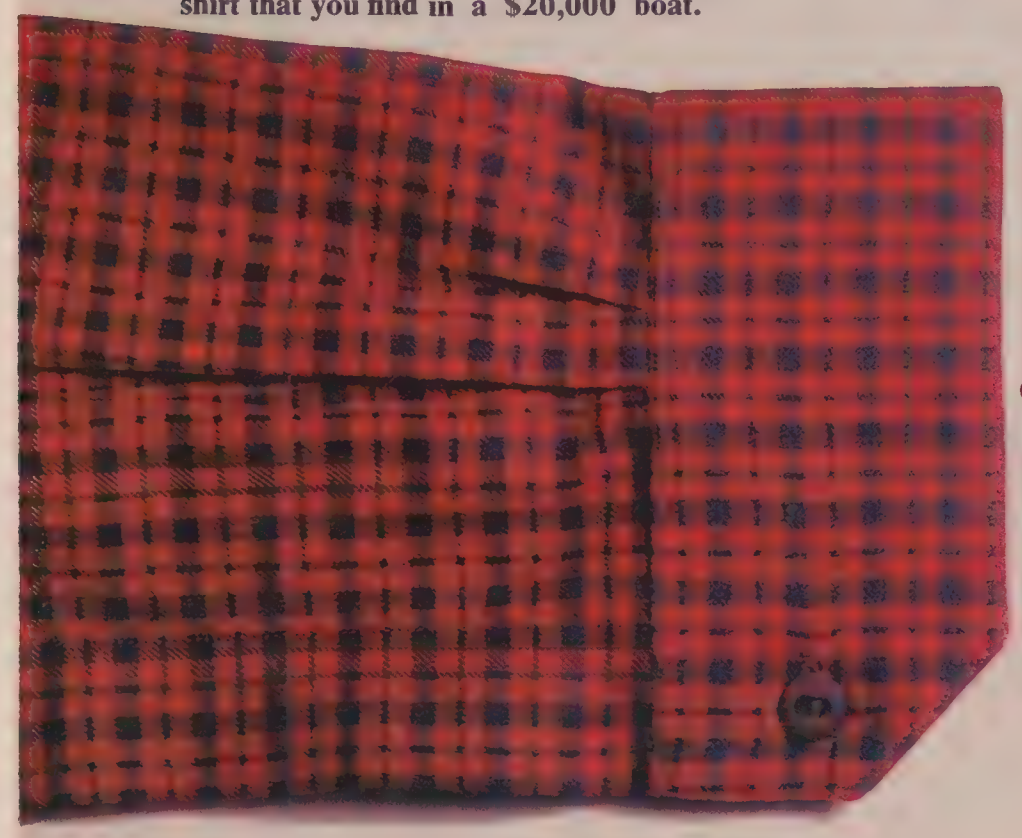


a.

When you buy a shirt, try to remember that the fabric accounts for about 60% of the retail price.
So it pays you to know something about shirt fabrics.
For autumn you need a shirt that retains body heat on a cold day when you wear it with an undershirt, and yet that's light enough so you don't swelter on warmer days.
There's only one shirt fabric that meets this specification, and Country Club has it locked up.
It's Woolmelane. 80% cotton and 20% wool.
And it's made in Switzerland, where they take things pretty seriously.
Like shirt fabrics.
Even if you don't.

b.

You don't like sloppy workmanship on your boat, so why put up with it in a shirt?
Country Club go out of their way just to find buttons that match the colour of the shirt fabric and to cut pockets properly so that they match the pattern around it.
They even overlock stitch the seams on the INSIDE.
In fact you get the same kind of finish in a Country Club shirt that you find in a $20,000 boat.



c.

The collar's important.
Country Club builds support into their collars so that they always look good and feel comfortable.
Collar style is a matter of personal taste. And Country Club make two basic collars, the button-down GT and the open neck style Mark II.
With these two basic styles, at last count there were three hundred and sixty four different Country Club shirts.
And by now it must be pretty obvious that if you're looking for a good shirt, it makes it a whole lot easier if you just look for the Country Club tag.

Australian pavilion will be built around four big hollow pillars to give interior the grace of Gothic vaulting.

1,000 ACRES OF MAN AND HIS WORLD

by JAMES MORRIS

All world exhibitions are, of course, the biggest, the best and the brightest. And all pride themselves on the weird novelty of their skylines, as the hyperbolic sphere of one pavilion jostles against the rodomontade cube of the next. Nearly all celebrate some fairly unctuous theme, and are rich in Symbols, Fun Things, souvenir ashtrays and enormously unconvincing demonstrations of universal brotherhood.

Expo 67, the world exhibition which opens in Montreal on April 28, honors all these hallowed traditions. It will undoubtedly be the biggest, best and brightest of them all—a "First Category" exposition as defined by the international rules, with a thousand acres of display, the largest electronic carillon ever built, live kangaroos in the Australian pavilion and a budget, all in all, of at least $325 million. Its theme is "Man and his World," which, though taken from a book title by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, does seem a handily eclectic concept. Its emblem represents the Happy Dance of Mankind, and the exposition area is littered with a Pathway of Hope, a People Tree, a Cosmos Walk Bridge, even a Katimavik—an Eskimo word for "meeting place." Nightingales will be turning on the spit, I need hardly say, in Thailand's pavilion, and those inevitable pints of bitter will be sloshable at the inevitable British pub.

If this were all there is to Expo 67 one could hardly understand the enthusiasm of those many Californians who have already arranged to sail their own boats, via the Panama Canal, to berth in the exhibition marina this spring. Fortunately three things elevate this particular jamboree above the norm. One is the exceptional physical impact of the exhibition itself. Another is the phenomenal detail of its preparation. The third is the bold irony of staging it in Montreal at all.

Imagine a peninsula and two almost wholly man-made islands in one of the world's noblest rivers, the St. Lawrence. Imagine on one side the thoroughfare of the Seaway, romantically linking the Atlantic with the Great Lakes and the Middle West. Imagine on the other the silhouette of a vivacious North American city, its immense vaulted palaces of glass and concrete, the flash of its neon and the endless grumble of its traffic, like the murmur of a million sidewalk oaths. Deposit big ships here and there, hung over by cranes at the waterfront, or slipping downstream to Quebec. Then upon the islands and the flanking peninsula create a thicket of strange architectural shapes, jagged or globular, demure or swaggering, linked by driverless mini-trains and ornamental canals, scudded around by hovercraft, illuminated by floodlights and fireworks, spiced with the smells of shish kebab, hamburgers, waffles and roast beef. Sprinkle the scene with 15,000 young trees, equip it with sports arenas, art exhibits and 400 shops, run up more than 70 different national flags above its pavilions, people it with 11½ million visitors, and you may have some faint preconception of Expo 67.

For most of us, display architecture has lost its bite. The buildings that impress us most are the calm, permanent ones; the transient effervescence that is the hallmark of the exhibition pavilion has become all too familiar. Expo 67 can hardly help suffering from this jaded taste, but in its kind it is clearly very good. The Buckminster Fuller geodesic bubble may have become a cliché of American virtuosity, but it is still a remarkable spectacle, rising there like a crystal sphere above the river. The British pavilion, intended to represent the still uncompleted mission of that island race, may look to cynics like a fairly battered plaster castle, but it does possess a certain pop grandeur. The Japanese pavilion appears to have been woven of concrete textile. The West German is a gigantic tent, such as Mongols used to erect on devastated steppes. What they call the Theme Pavilions, illustrating various sub-symbolical thoughts, are being built by the Canadians in a proper gallimaufry of gimmickries and spectacular techniques, and beside the river is being erected an astonishing new kind of apartment cluster—designed by Israeli-born Architect Moshe Safdie—prefabricated on the spot out of big concrete boxes which are hoisted by cranes apparently higgledy-piggledy on top of each other.

Within or around this queer, mid-river cantonment, for the six months of Expo 67, a really stunning gathering of international talent will be flaunted. Some 190 masterpieces from the galleries of the world will be assembled in the Expo art museum. The eight top soccer teams of the world will play in the Expo Stadium. In the theaters and concert halls of Montreal will perform magnificent companies from a dozen countries —Milan's La Scala Opera, the New York City Ballet, the British National Theatre, the Red Army Chorus, the Vienna State Opera, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra—all in one city, all in one season. There will be a track and field contest between athletes from Europe and the Americas. There will be a composers' competition, with prizes from Canada, Austria, Holland and Belgium, plus a guarantee of 500 worldwide performances of the winning work. There will be a parade of the Gendarmerie Royale Française. There will be a circus, chamber music, a rodeo, film festivals. There will be troupes of buskers to entertain you as you stand in line—"motorized troubadour units," the handouts say, "made up of singers, dancers, skaters, clowns, musicians and magicians."

And crowning all these dizzy happenings, far more magnificently than any flatulent Theme, is the splendor of Expo's site: the great river streaming past, the ships, the city across the water, the high brilliance of that northern sky, and the vastness of Canada all around.

An intense national effort is bringing this colossal carnival into being. Expo 67 is absolutely inescapable in Canada. Three daily newspaper columns are devoted to it. Advertising is geared to it, real estate prices depend upon it, women's clubs programs revolve around it, a visit to it is the first prize of innumerable contests. The city of Montreal, which has already spent millions of dollars in creating the pier and island sites, is actually

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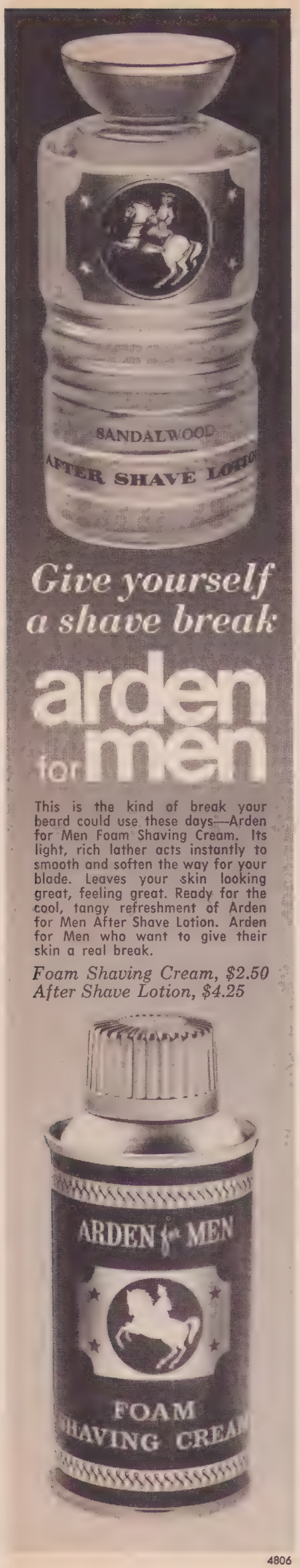
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A COMPUTER KEEPS TRACK OF HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS

EXPO 67
CONTINUED

building a tube of its new subway especially to go there. The cost, most of which they hope to recover in one way or another, is being shared by the Canadian national government, the province of Quebec, and the city of Montreal; the organization set up to handle this spending is very much like a cross between a divisional headquarters and a grotesquely swollen embassy. There is in fact an ambassador at the head of it—the eminent M. Pierre Dupuy, who looks like an exceedingly cultivated hamster—and beneath him the forces of Expo are drawn up in eager phalanx: lawyers in platoons, troops of PR men, liaison officers, consultants, engineers, guides, innumerable coordinators and miscellaneous experts beyond roll call. Expo's own telephone exchange (whose number is EXP-1967) is big enough to serve a town of 20,000.

The Expo *Information Manual* is a loose-leaf affair about the size of a Webster's unabridged dictionary. Items listed under C, to take a selection at bemused random, include Carillon, Contracts, Cuba, Churches, Customs Regulations and Copernicus, Statue of. From these diligent pages we learn that, for instance, the flashing buoy at the Atlantic Provinces pavilion has been listed in the Notices to Mariners, lest it lure passing freighters slap into the Challenge of the Future. We learn that the construction of Expo has been governed by the Critical Path Method, a computer technique for controlling work phases, and that Logexpo, the official accommodation agency, has its own computer to work out if there will be anywhere left, at the height of the exhibition, for anyone else to sleep. In the exhibit "Man and his Health," the directory tells us, "actual amputees will demonstrate their prosthesis"; in the area for roistering called Le Village spruce beer will be available; about 30 male guides, the book says, "with the same duties as hostesses will be located at points where an unaccompanied hostess would be inappropriate"—Man and his Instincts, perhaps.

All is being done with dazzling panache. The elaborate logistics of Expo are dressed up in elegant typography and handsome decor, and are explained by urbane, entertaining and sometimes even caustic spokesmen. They are complaining about the shortage of cash, but they seem to be working, in their fourth year of preparation, with undiminished gusto—haunted as they are by relays of Japanese observing what mistakes to avoid at the Osaka World Exposition of 1970. Roving microcosms of the exhibition have gone around the world, giving people a foretaste of Expo—90% of visitors are expected to come from North America, half of them from the U.S.A.; and for myself, if I lived within range of Expo's unremitting excitement, I would long ago have emigrated.

The occasion of this brilliant celebration is the centennial of the Confederation of Canada, the concordat of separate provinces which, in 1867, made Canada a nation. The irony of it is this: that seldom since 1867 have the prospects for continued confederation seemed more precarious, as the English Canadians struggle still to evolve a national meaning, while many French Canadians of Quebec seriously consider withdrawing from the nation altogether, which would make a nonsense not only of the centennial in general, but of Expo 67 in embarrassed particular.

The private symbolisms of this exhibition are less explicit than "Man and his World." One of Expo's tacit purposes is the glorification of Montreal, of Quebec and thus of French Canada. Another is to prove to the world outside—which means, in the Canadian context, the United States—that Canada can put on a great show all by herself, owing nothing to the cash or technology of her overwhelming neighbor. These two motives are themselves contradictory, and there lies another irony: for never was there a more contradictory place than Canada, nor a people, apparently so blessed, more perplexed by insoluble and often indefinable problems.

Expo is not, of course, all French Canadian. Its responsibilities seem about equally divided between its English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians. But there is no doubt that its visitors will go home with a fairly Frenchified view of the wonders of the Dominion. Montreal seems to me one of the three or four most civilized cities in North America, owing very largely to its Frenchness—to a certain Gallic greasing of the wheels, transmuted into less awful food than offered by most American cities, to gentler manners, and to a pleasant suggestion, probably quite delusory, that the making of money is not the sole purpose of the civic existence. The feeling abroad that the French Canadians are gaining ground in Canada—a feeling based on such surface evidence as increased bilingualism and a reduced display of royal crests—will be perceptibly strengthened by the venue of Expo 67. If this exhibition does nothing else, it will shatter the old picture of the French Canadian as a disgruntled dolt out of the backwoods who speaks no known language.

It is, though, specifically the unity of Canada that Expo commemorates. Everybody knows that Canada is barely a unity. But English and French Canadians are at least united, it seems, in wanting to stay independent of the United States. It is, to be sure, a colorless sort of independence, for in discarding their old British heritage the English Canadians, at least in the Ontario heartland, are turning themselves into a sort of non-nation, neither quite this nor altogether that; and every year anyway, like it or not, their economics and their mores become a little more dominated by those of the U.S. But there is such a thing as Canadian patriotism and Expo is its expression.

To the outsider, it seems a negative patriotism—a determination not to be something else; and in this sense Expo is built upon denial. It denies the inevitable supremacy of the United States. It denies the suggestion that there is, *au fond*, no such nation as Canada. It hotly denies the canard that the Canadians have no distinctive taste, ability or perception of their own. For at least a century Canada has been the Country of the Future. In Expo 67 the Canadians, divided though they are, hope to prove that they have got there at last.

So there is pathos to this carnival—and courage, too. Expo is a brave gamble, or a splendid bluff. As a show it is certain to be superb, and few of its pilgrims, as they soar towards the empyrean on the Gyrotron, or sample the good life at the Canadian Brewers' pavilion, will trouble their heads about these puzzles and paradoxes of Canada. Still, one can't help imagining the titles of some extra Theme exhibits: The Search for Identity, perhaps, or Highway to the Stars—and Stripes.

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THE VIEW FROM HERE

Loudon Wainwright

The resonance of charity

Certainly one of the most poorly practiced social arts in comfortable America today is the art of giving. Even in a culture which has suddenly grown conscious of the pressing needs of enormous numbers of its members, we often give haphazardly—if not downright reluctantly—without much real sense of the destination and direction of our gifts. One sometimes contributes to certain causes less because of their obvious worthiness than in guilty or craven response to insistent demands for a high rate of success from the funds' solicitors. We are urged not to let good old Pleasantown's rating slip below 97% on the generosity thermometer. We shuffle through the growing pile of requests for money and pay according to our inability to resist. And once the payment is made, the charity, such as it is, is done. Purchasers of one quarter of a crutch, we don't much care how it is used.

When a small chartered airplane disappeared in the Caribbean last month, it carried to their deaths two young people who were surely among the most extraordinary givers of this time. They were Stephen Currier, 36, and his wife Audrey, 33, and if the Curriers were rich beyond the capacity of most people to understand, their generosity, too, was remarkable, not only for its magnitude but for its variety and creativity. "Stephen was beginning to find his style as a philanthropist," one of Currier's acquaintances said to me recently, and in that regretful remark was the unmistakable sense that the best sort of giving involves much more than writing checks.

To the Curriers the whole business of philanthropy—of giving where it mattered most in ways that would most stimulate improvement and growth among the beneficiaries—was almost totally absorbing. It is beside the point that the Curriers could well afford this interest. Indeed they could: Mrs. Currier's personal fortune was estimated to be in the hundreds of millions. But how much they had and how much they gave matters much less than how they gave it.

In 1966, largely through their Taconic Foundation, they gave more than $3 million, much of it in the field of civil rights where they had for several years been among the nation's biggest contributors. Amounts also went to welfare agencies, schools and colleges, cultural programs, beautification and conservation efforts. Through an organization founded by Currier and called Urban America, Inc., they were deeply and expensively involved in a wide program of study and action on the great problems of the cities. In all of this the Curriers remained careful of one of the great dangers of philanthropy, that a big gift might change the character of a project and the recipients might become intimidated by sheer largesse. "Currier believed it was not healthy philanthropy to build dependency on one source," an associate recalled, and to this end Currier worked hard to get support from other givers.

Like any other specialists, the men of philanthropy have a certain vernacular of their own, and one of Stephen Currier's favorite words was "resonance." When he said that a gift should have resonance, he meant that it should have qualities that would echo or reverberate beyond its immediate value. For example, not long ago he set aside a sum of money to be given to small museums for collection purchases. The museum directors would select and buy the paintings themselves; the only stipulation was that the paintings be the work of less well-known contemporary artists. The museums did not know the identity of their benefactor, for Currier did not want that echo. But through this resonant technique the museums got their pictures and, in a piling up of benefits, the artists got needed money while their work was given prominent public display.

Currier also used the word "enablement," and by this he meant that the application of a special plan or perhaps a little extra funding might enable a sluggish project to get going. A colleague who had worked closely with him remarked, "We'll have trouble replacing Currier's money. We cannot replace him as a person." Currier's drive in philanthropy took huge amounts of his time and energy, and he was capable of impatience. "He was used to doing things his own way," the same man remembered, "and he had to learn to work with others. But he learned fast. After all, he was only 36, and he'd never really had a job."

Both Stephen and Audrey Currier, who was very shy and remained in the background, placed the highest importance on money generating possibilities for others, and on these others then making things work for themselves. There are "sure things" in philanthropy, like giving to big, well-established programs. But Currier often preferred the risk of a new venture where the results were not so predictable. One program, which Currier called the "Harvard Gamble," has been working successfully now for four years. Currier gave scholarship funds with the condition that they must be spent on students with good possibilities who wouldn't otherwise have gone to Harvard or even considered going there. But for all his generosity, Currier was no sitting duck for every pleader with a plan. A friend remembers him turning down one proposal with the words, "the trouble is there isn't any *fun* in it."

The possibility that philanthropy could be fun had simply never occurred to me. Of course, the niggardly nontithing indulged in by most of us deserves a less grand word than philanthropy, but it is giving all the same, and it seems too bad we take so little joy in it. Perhaps part of the problem is that we have grown accustomed to sitting tight and waiting for charities to badger us. When they do—inevitably and regularly—we treat them with the grudging distaste ordinarily reserved for bills and tax forms. When a cause is unbearably worthy or a contribution is otherwise mandatory ("If we don't help, they'll think we're finks"), we pay—and forget it. There is no involvement beyond the money.

Maybe some of the Currier standards for gargantuan philanthropy can be applied to the game of small giving. At any rate on the next go-round I hope I have the nerve and verve to turn down a sure thing and instead look around for a project with resonance.

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JOURNALIST The title he proudly claimed

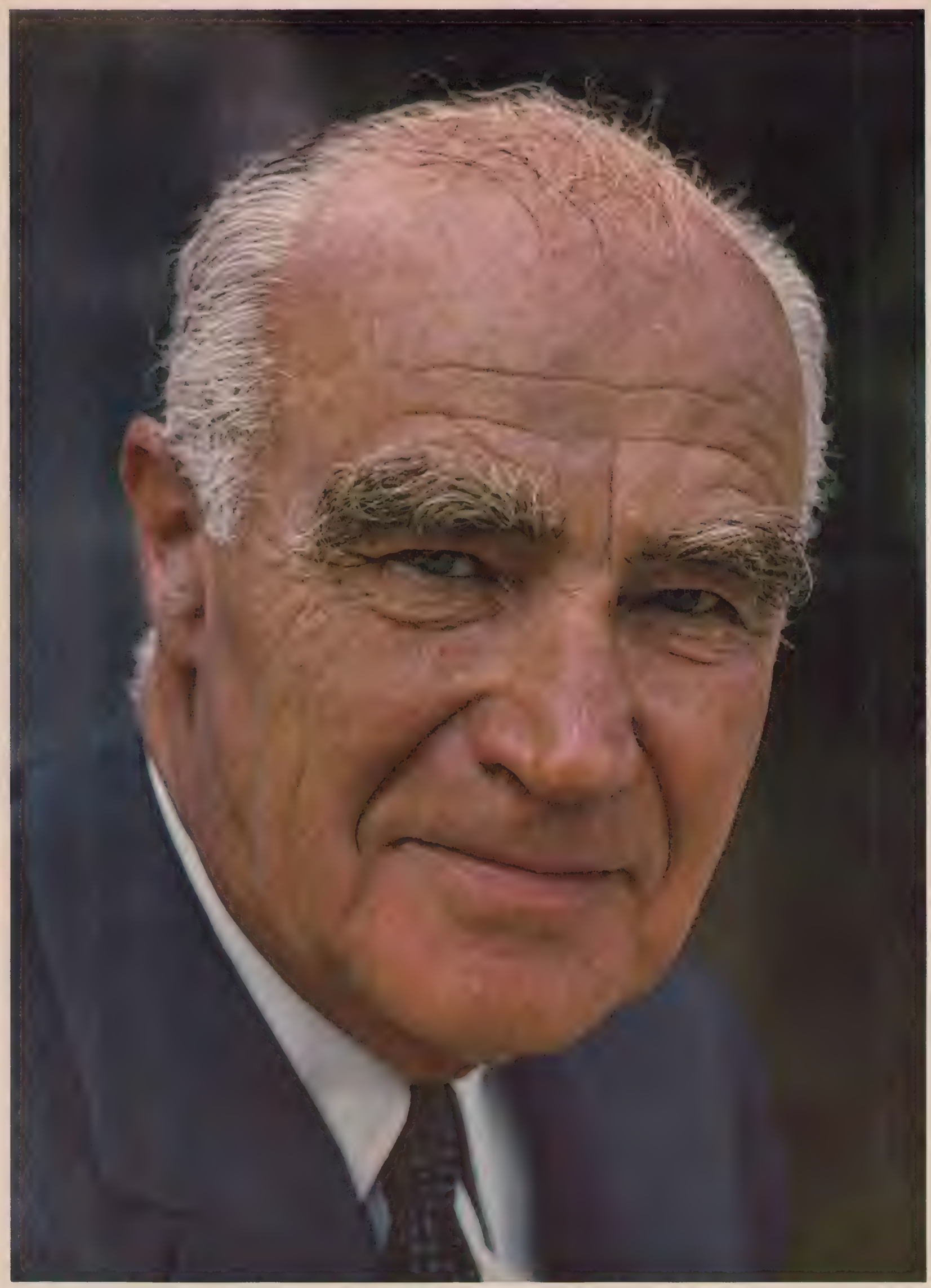
Henry Luce never held or sought an official public position. But as he advised Presidents along with young reporters, he came closer to being a world statesman in fact than many who could officially claim that distinction. All he claimed for himself, however, was the title of journalist. At that he was a master craftsman, seeing the portents of world change before others glimpsed them.

He was an endless innovator. When he and Briton Hadden launched TIME in 1923, they introduced a whole set of fundamental new ideas. One was called (but not by Luce himself) "group journalism," a system of interlocking responsibilities wherein several minds would be bent to the task of getting things right. Another was compartmentalizing news to lend clarity and authority. Still another was the conviction that editors had an obligation to dig deep and, evaluating what they found, to make judgments.

In 1930 Luce founded FORTUNE, applying his techniques to business, which he called "the distinctive expression of the American genius." LIFE, an unprecedented venture into the world of photographic journalism, was created in 1936. It was such a phenomenal instant success that for several years, as circulation far outraced advertising revenue, it nearly bankrupted the company.

Luce's ranging vision took him into many fields—radio, TV, book publishing and another magazine, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which was launched in 1954. All of this has made Time Inc. the world's largest magazine publishing enterprise. But size is not its substance. It is the product of a mind that never saw a frontier it did not want to reach and would not rest until it was passed.

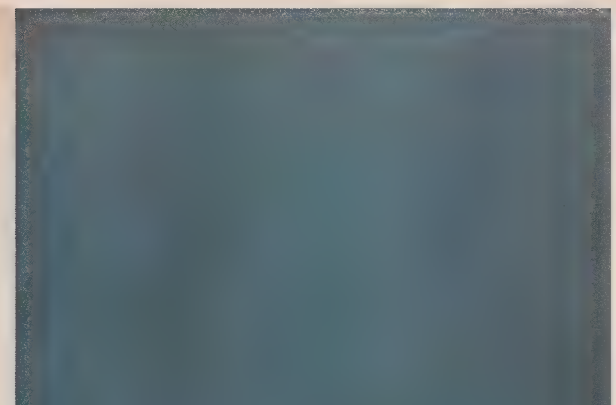
At top, TIME's founders, Hadden (left) and Luce (center), inspect a 1925 issue with printer William Hopkins. As LIFE germinated, Luce (center, *bottom*) studies pictures with John Shaw Billings (left) and Daniel Longwell, first two managing editors.



Winston Churchill, long a friend of Luce's, appeared in LIFE as author of his war memoirs and *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples.*

He knew, influenced and edited the great

An unswerving supporter of Chiang Kai-shek, Luce strongly influenced U.S. China policy. In 1952, he visited his friend of 25 years in Taiwan.



In 1963, he was host to Lyndon Johnson, who last week said of Luce: "He had a sense of history in the making and so helped millions . . . understand the forces that shape the society in which they live."

Luce was an early supporter of Eisenhower for the presidential nomination, an adviser to Ike as President. Above: with Ike at Gettysburg, 1961.

An old friend of the Kennedy family, Luce knew J.F.K. as a rising politician. In 1959, he and Mrs. Luce chat with Senator Kennedy and his wife.

A serious man, Luce was also a witty one, quick to respond when an occasion called for gaiety. And so, when he encountered Comic Danny Kaye at TIME's 40th Anniversary, it seemed the thing to swap salutes.

Another eminent friend, General Douglas MacArthur, also became a LIFE author in 1963 when Luce announced purchase of the general's 225,000-word *Reminiscences*, written in pencil on yellow note pads.

Last year, Luce was TIME's host to 45 U.S. leaders on a trip through Communist countries of Eastern Europe. In Belgrade, they met with Yugoslavia's President Tito and Luce presented Tito with a crystal eagle.

CONTINUED

The missionary's son sets forth from Tengchow

"My spiritual grandfathers," Henry Luce once said, thinking back on his youth in China, "were all strong, bearded men like Calvin Mateer"—who baptized Luce and here looms above the boy in a picture of the mission group at Tengchow. Luce was born at Tengchow, where his father was stationed as a Presbyterian missionary. He never forgot the little city with its "donkeys, mules, carts, people cursing and laughing—cacophonies of Chinese sounds which came naturally to my ears." As a child, Luce stammered badly, and when he was 14, his family sent him, alone, to England for treatment. He wrote home that the treatments were doing little good and that he was off to Switzerland to study French. But he managed to work in a trip to Paris—and three weeks in Italy on $63.

The next fall he entered Hotchkiss School in Connecticut on a scholarship. He got straight A's and won the school Greek prize. As editor of the school's *Literary Monthly*, he became a campus rival to a Brooklyn boy named Briton Hadden, who was editor of the school newspaper, *The Record*. The two sniped at each other in their columns—and went on to Yale to renew their competition in try-outs for the Yale *Daily News*.

Both made it but their college careers were interrupted by the war. Ardent members of the R.O.T.C., they champed to get overseas. Instead they were sent to Camp Jackson, S.C. and, to their disgust, ended the war there as second lieutenants. "What were you going to tell your grandsons about the war?" Luce complained. "Cleaning a horse's hoof at Camp Jackson?" But it was at Jackson that Luce and Hadden first hatched the idea for "the paper" that turned into TIME magazine. Back at Yale, Hadden became chairman of the Yale *Daily News* and Luce managing editor. When the class of '20 graduated, Luce was voted "most brilliant" and Hadden "most likely to succeed."

After a postgraduate year at Oxford, Luce became a reporter on the Chicago *Daily News*. Hadden got a job on the New York *World*. In 1921, still talking about "the paper," they moved together to the Baltimore *News*. In 1922, they quit their jobs, spent a nerve-racking year raising $86,000—and finally the first copy of TIME appeared. It was dated March 3, 1923. Hadden was editor, Luce business manager, an arrangement that was simply reached. "When the time came to decide who was editor, Brit Hadden just had to be it," said Luce later, "so I took the business side." They took turns at the editor's job until Hadden's death in 1929.

In a mission group portrait taken in Tengchow, young Henry Luce sits in foreground at right. His father, Henry Winters Luce, is third man from left. Luce's mother, Elizabeth, is third from left in first row. The man with white beard is Dr. Calvin Mateer, a pioneer of the Christian church in China. Luce's father spent 44 years serving China, teaching, preaching and raising funds to found Shantung Christian University at Tsinan and Yenching University at Peking. "The Lord's work, in his case," said Luce, "turned out to be raising money, which is, of all jobs, the worst; so in this sense, the Lord was not kind to him."

Artilleryman Henry Luce, a sophomore at Yale, trained on campus, then served the last months of the war at Camp Jackson, S.C. There he and Hadden talked about "the paper" and laid plans for their partnership.

At 3, Luce strikes an authoritative pose in a rocking chair in Tengchow.

CONTINUED

In 1941, as head of United China Relief, which he organized, Luce paid a visit to Chungking and saw the bomb shelters where 700 died. He had visited China on a vacation in '32, returned several times as a journalist, and just before his death was trying to get back to interview Chou En-lai.

At a party, Luce gives a chopstick lesson to Mrs. Wendell Willkie. A 1940 FORTUNE article by Willkie introduced him and his philosophy to an influential audience. With Luce's strong backing, Willkie won the 1940 Republican presidential nomination.

On a 1952 sightseeing trip, Luce and Clare Boothe Luce, whom he married in 1935, hold hands on a porch in Spain. He was terribly proud of her career as author, playwright, member of Congress from Connecticut and Ambassador to Italy (1953–1956).

Near and far a full and varied life

In Korea in 1952, Luce samples a Korean vegetable called *mu* (which tastes like a sweet radish) with ROK battalion commander on the front lines during a five-week fact-finding and inspection tour which covered eight countries in the Far East.

Luce talks to the late Dr. Paul Tillich, noted theologian. A devout man, Luce had a deep intellectual interest in religion and was a lifelong reader of theology. He served on the board of directors of the Union Theological Seminary and endowed a chair there.

CONTINUED 15

His warm remembrances of how it all began

This selection of quotations has been gathered from Henry R. Luce's speeches, memoranda and private conversations, in which his recollections spanned more than 60 years.

▶ You could never guess what I have most missed having in my life. It is the fact that I have never had—and cannot have—a hometown, an American hometown. "Where do you come from?" I would give anything if I could say simply and casually, "Oskaloosa, Iowa. . . ."

I was born in Tengchow, a small but very ancient seaport town on the Shantung promontory that juts out into the Yellow Sea. . . . Years later, when I got to The Hotchkiss School, one of the first charges brought against me by the boys of the Lower Middle Form was that I could never be President of the United States. Naturally, it was necessary for me to correct in my fellows their shallow understanding of the American Constitution. That was quickly done. It took somewhat longer to shake off the nickname, Chink.

▶ How did I come to know about America? My father and mother told me about it. They told concrete things—like about uncles and aunts and about the home church back in Scranton, Pa. . . . My mother read to me—the Bible, of course, and a child's history of America. . . . Theodore Roosevelt was President. My father admired him; he became, of course, my hero—cowboy hat and all. And I cannot remember a time when I did not know about the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution.

▶ *At the age of 10 Luce was sent to a British-staffed boarding school in Chefoo, China:* I hated it and loved it. I was terribly homesick. When I didn't have a bloody nose or a skinned knee, my face and hands were swollen with chilblains. The school was very religious and very rough and tough. . . . Yet, after Chefoo, the getting of A's at Hotchkiss and Yale was, for me, a rather pleasantly soporific pastime. If scholarship in America had not been so soft, I might be an educated man today.

The British code [at Chefoo] violated every American instinct. No wonder that hardly an hour passed that an American did not have to run up the flag. For example, a master insists that Ohio is pronounced *O-hee-ho*. . . . So, first your knuckles are rapped, then you get your face slapped—by the master—then you are publicly caned. By this time you are crying, but still you can't say *O-hee-ho*.

▶ The great thing that I owe to my father is that when I was a child, even as young as 8, he would talk to me as one adult to another. We would go on walks and he would tell me of the problems of the little college, and then we would get on to such things as his quest for the historical Jesus, or Teddy Roosevelt and the Bull Moose.

▶ Mother could never manage to spank me properly because we would both get to laughing before she got the old hairbrush really swinging.

▶ I probably gained a too romantic, too idealistic view of America. [This] came from the fact that the Americans I grew up with—all of them—were good people. Oh, missionaries have their faults, but their faults are comparatively trivial. I had no experience of evil in terms of Americans. . . . I was never disillusioned with or by America, but I was, from my earliest manhood, dissatisfied with America. America was not being as great and as good as I knew she could be, as I believed with every nerve and fiber God Himself had intended her to be.

▶ [At Yale] I came to the conclusion that I was never going to be a really good poet, so the hell with it.

▶ One of the nice legends about TIME is that Briton Hadden and I talked about "the paper" in college. I have no recollection of doing so. . . . What I do remember is one night at Camp Jackson [S.C.] we walked up and down talking about the fact that people didn't know what they were talking about, and about "the paper" that would tell them.

▶ We [Hadden and Luce] asked ourselves, why, with good newspapers and magazines, are people not so well informed? The idea, then, was to see if we could organize the news, compartmentalizing it with some sense of continuity. . . . The one great thing was simplification. Simplification by organization . . . simplification by condensation. . . . And simplification by not being ashamed to say, "Babe Ruth is a great ballplayer."

▶ *The original working title of "the paper" was FACTS, which satisfied no one:* I was going home on the subway to the apartment house at 122nd Street, dead tired, and my half-glazed stare fell on an advertisement with the headline, "Time to Retire" or "Time for a Change." I don't remember which, but I do remember the name "Time" occurring to me. It stayed with me overnight, and when I went in next morning, I suggested it to Hadden and he accepted it immediately.

▶ We had to sell, to peddle stock to our friends and our friends' friends. We did not sell them on an idealistic notion. We sold them—when we did, and our sales were agonizingly few and far between—on a sporting chance.

▶ At last, after a year of preparation and frustrations, the first issue of TIME, dated March 3, 1923, was going to press. Soon after midnight, with Briton Hadden in command, almost the entire editorial staff was transported in three taxis from East 40th Street to the Williams Press at 36th Street and 11th Avenue, New York.

There, until dawn, we stood around the "stones" [tables] of the composing room. Under Hadden's direction, we wrote new copy to fill holes, we rewrote to cut and to fit,

CONTINUED

Luce confers with correspondents at the 1964 Republican convention.

and everyone tried his hand at captions.

It was daylight when I got home and went to sleep. That afternoon, I found an uncut copy of the little magazine in my room. I picked it up and began to turn through its meager 32 pages (including covers). Half an hour later, I woke up to a surprise: what I had been reading wasn't bad at all. In fact, it was quite good. Somehow it all held together—it made sense, it was interesting.

▶ *For a brief period in the 1920s* TIME *was edited and printed in Cleveland:* Then I learned what was true in those days—and still is—that a place like Cleveland, or Columbus, or Indianapolis, is a lot nearer Washington than New York City. The political lines run mighty close. People are much more aware of who their congressman is, and their congressman is more willing to help them.

▶ I remember we used to finish up [in Cleveland] at 3 or 4 in the morning Tuesday, and then I'd drive back home and spend the whole of the next day recuperating. I would even run a temperature of 100 or so.

▶ Any individual, let alone any organization with money to spend, can dig up a fact here or an angle there that the other 10,000 journalists of the world have overlooked. But it takes *brains and work* to master all the facts dug up by the world's 10,000 journalists and put them together in a little magazine.

▶ *To an interviewer in 1929:* The trouble with me is that I work all the time. I am sorry I have never done anything exciting. Never killed an Indian or rescued anyone from drowning.

▶ *On recruiting a staff for* FORTUNE: There are men who can write poetry, and there are men who can read balance sheets. The men who can read balance sheets cannot write. . . . Of necessity, we made the discovery that it is easier to turn poets into business journalists than to turn bookkeepers into writers.

▶ We are both devoted and addicted to what is misnamed group journalism. We believe in teamwork, in cooperation, in division of labor. . . . Let's have no such denial of individual personality as is connoted by "group journalism."

▶ People say they do not "understand Time Inc." . . . Even within our company there is occasionally some confusion on this score. For example, there is a persistent urge to say that TIME is "unbiased" and to claim for it complete "objectivity." The original owners-editors-promoters of TIME made no such fantastic claim.

▶ I am all for titillating trivialities. I am all for the epic touch. I could almost say that everything in TIME should be either titillating or epic or starkly, super-curtly factual.

▶ There is a fixed idea in modern journalism that it's big stuff to have "special correspondents." It is precisely because that idea is so "fixed" that there was a wide-open track left for the newsmagazine idea.

▶ *Interviewing a prospective writer:* I want to know what's in your mind, what you carry around with you. What do you know, for instance, about Palmerston?

▶ Publishing is a business, but Journalism never was and is not essentially a business. Nor is it a profession. Journalism is an art—sometimes practiced for business profit, more often practiced for less than a competency. Journalism is the art of collecting varying kinds of information (commonly called "news") which a few people possess and of transmitting it to a much larger number of people who are supposed to desire to share it.

▶ The photograph is today far more potent than the "editorial page," and second in potency only to the biggest headlines on the front page. . . . What pictures can tell (with the help of a word or two) they tell with a force, an explicitness, an overwhelmingness which reportorial words can rarely equal.

▶ There is a paradox about Time Inc. [Luce wrote in 1933]: On the one hand, the evidence is pretty convincing that it has first-class business management; on the other hand, it sometimes looks as if we just didn't have any business management at all; only recently our auditors were in despair because a diagrammatic chart of our organization would resemble the blueprint of a rabbit warren. . . . The time has come for us to pay a little more attention to organization. [However] I have a growing feeling that titles do not fit our organization. . . . In a business which requires so many different *kinds* of talents, you can't judge everybody's worth by a preconceived notion of title. . . . Let us not have to fret about rank or authority.

▶ A certain amount of latrine gossip is harmless and good for the soul. But real internal politics, though it is the most widespread disease in American business, is not necessary in this business. . . . Whenever you feel like talking organizational politics, you are cordially invited to come to me.

▶ I expect other people to keep me from making detailed mistakes. I will take responsibility for big mistakes. If the company is ruined, it's my fault. But I'll be damned if I will take responsibility for detailed mistakes, however attributable they may be to me. There is hardly anything I do which somebody else doesn't have a hand in. . . . [I'm told that] the trouble is some group around here thinks every word I say is inspired by God. I doubt that—but anyway the thing I want to get across to any other suckers around this place is that the Pope is likely hereafter to murder any Cardinal who permits the Pope to err. To cuss once more—what the hell are junior executives for?

▶ *From his 1936 prospectus for* LIFE: To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things—machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work—his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see things thousands of miles away, things hidden behind walls and within rooms, things dangerous to come to; the women that men love and many children; to see and to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed. . . .

▶ *On the eve of* LIFE'S *first publication:* Right now I'm afraid, alas, it's got to be the spirit of the Light Brigade—disastrous as that proved to be. Here's hoping we survive!

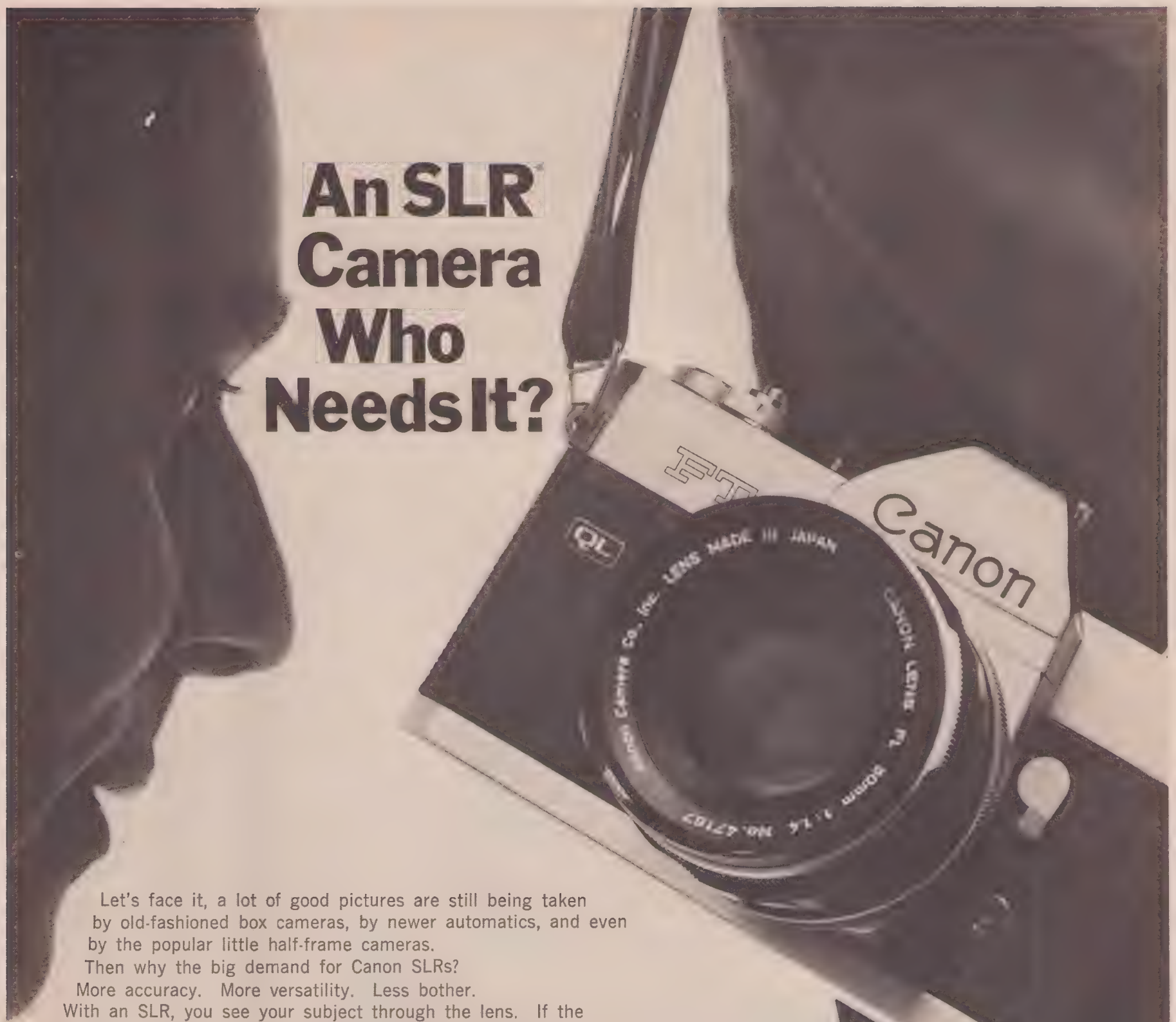
▶ Nothing like LIFE has ever happened in publishing history [Luce wrote in February, 1937]. When asked how the new baby was doing, one of the publishers of LIFE was heard to reply: "Having LIFE isn't like having a baby, it's like having quintuplets."

▶ I once lost a trifling $5 million on a wild-steer ride with a hot baby called LIFE, and believe me that was an awful lot more excitement than I ever got out of *making* money.

▶ The more abundant life may be problematical in a free society; it is utterly impossible in anything except a free society. . . . As a journalist I am in command of a small sector in the very front trenches of this battle for freedom.

▶ I have sometimes said to myself that the one thing I was determined to do was to make "journalist" a good word. And today it *is* a good word.

'I suggest
that what we want to do
is not to leave to posterity a great institution,
but to leave behind us a great tradition of journalism
ably practiced in our time'



Let's face it, a lot of good pictures are still being taken by old-fashioned box cameras, by newer automatics, and even by the popular little half-frame cameras.

Then why the big demand for Canon SLRs?

More accuracy. More versatility. Less bother.

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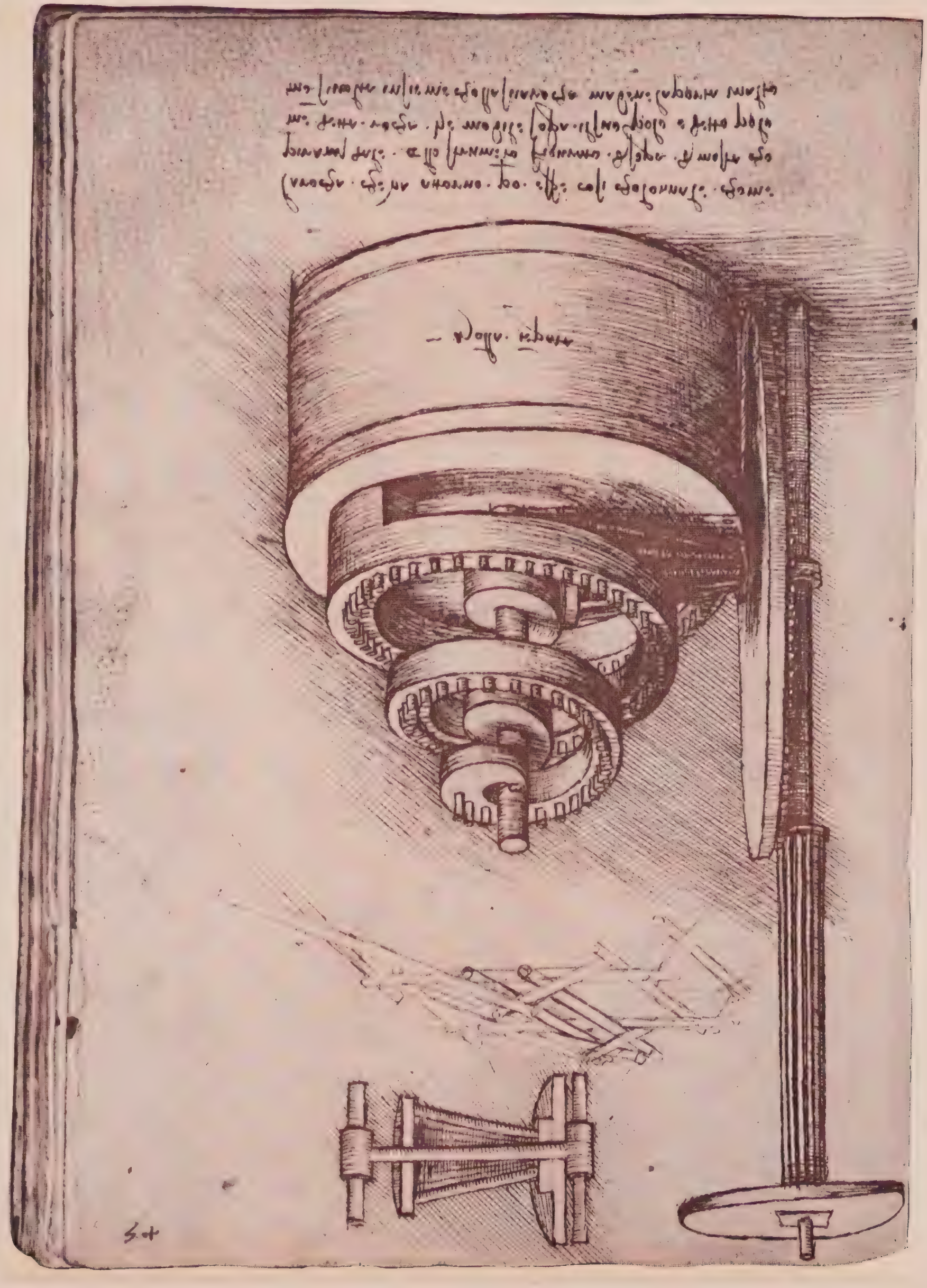


Read me, O Reader, if you find delight in me, because very seldom shall I come back into this world. . . . And come, men to see the miracles which through such studies one can reveal in Nature—LEONARDO DA VINCI

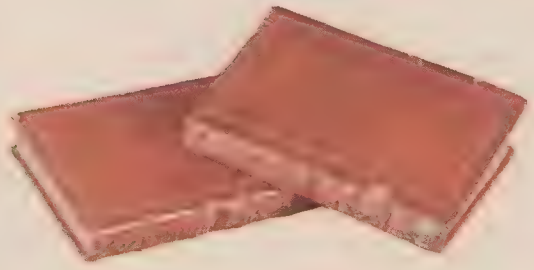
Leonardo's 'Lost' Notebooks

Leonardo da Vinci was fascinated by riddles and puzzles—his notebooks contain scores of them—and the figures in his paintings, strangely smiling, point toward mysteries that lie beyond the reach of man's imagination. His own mind acknowledged no boundaries. It strove after everything—art, engineering, anatomy, botany, aeronautics, geology, mathematics. A man of rare grace and incomparable genius, Leonardo knew his own worth, and it was not with vanity but with wisdom that he set down the words inscribed above.

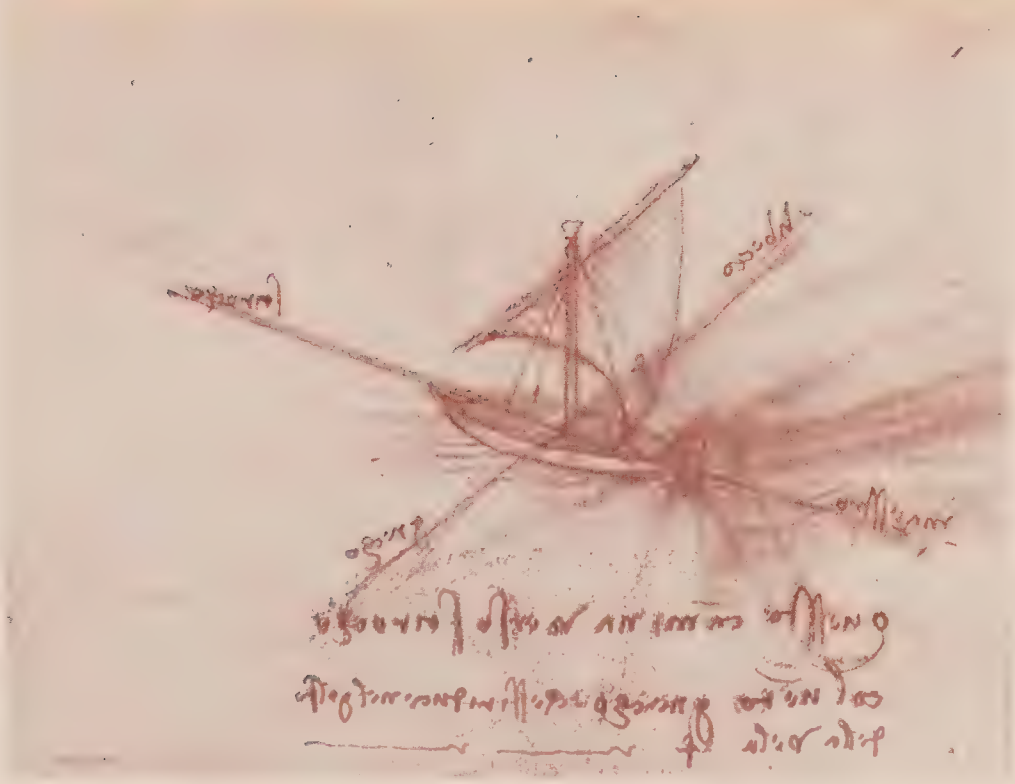
At his death in 1519, Leonardo left more than 10,000 sheets of drawings and manuscripts detailing, in his curious right-to-left script, the range of his interests. Though many of the manuscripts were cut up and dispersed, some 7,000 sheets survived and are now preserved in public and private collections. But scholars have continuously been on the search for the missing folios. Unexpectedly, a fortnight ago, they were rewarded. Professor Jules Piccus of the University of Massachusetts, who had been looking for medieval ballads in the National Library of Madrid, announced that he had accidentally come upon two red leather-bound volumes—some 700 pages of Leonardo's notebooks. Miguel Bordonau, director of the National Library, asserts that the manuscripts had merely been misplaced and miscatalogued, and in fact had been exhibited as recently as two years ago, but there is no doubt that many Da Vinci scholars were ignorant of their existence. The manuscripts are full of new facts about the work of Leonardo and the products of his astonishing mind. At the invitation of LIFE, Professor Carlo Pedretti, the foremost authority on Leonardo's manuscripts, examined copies of the notebooks and discovered they correct old misconceptions about Leonardo's achievements, add some colorful details about his belongings and fill important gaps in the chronology of his work. The manuscripts were produced during two of the busiest decades of Leonardo's career. Though he was engaged in monumental works of art, he continued to press his research in scientific fields. A majority of the drawings in the Madrid manuscripts are studies of mechanical objects, and in their cool and precise beauty —as seen in the helical gear on the opposite page—they give evidence that Leonardo was contemplating their publication.

But the drawings provide only a portion of the wonders of the notebooks. Altogether, the 700 pages will provide rare material to enthrall generations of men. Thus, Leonardo speaks again across the vanished centuries.

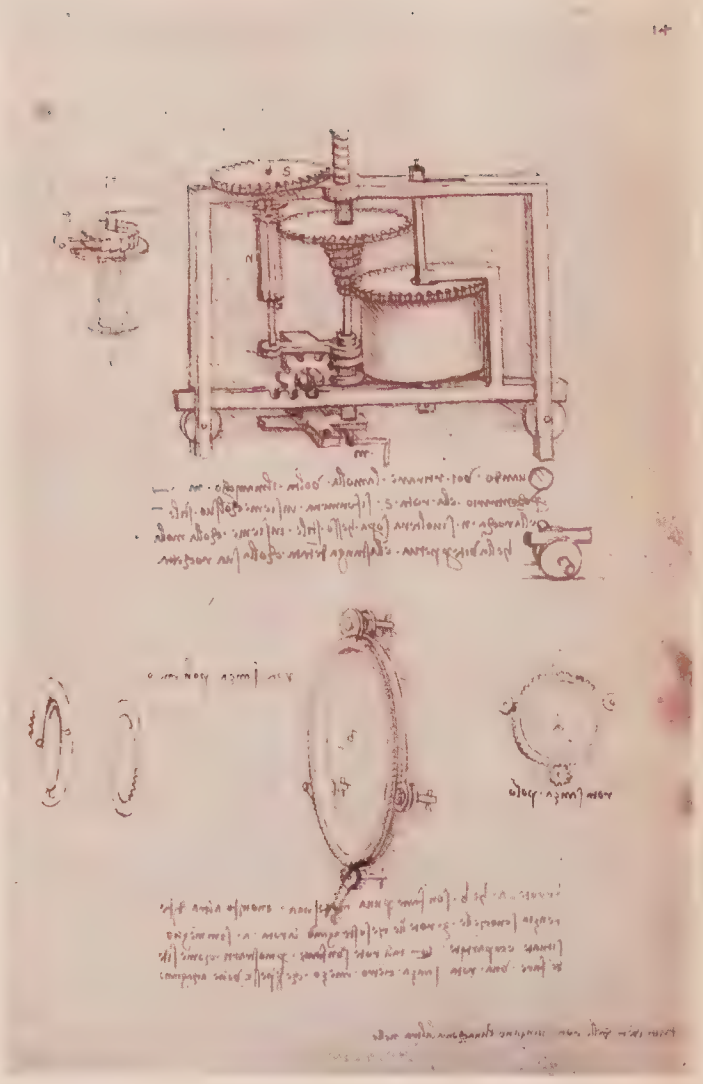
SELF-PORTRAIT AT 62



Courtesy of
National Library of Madrid



A sketch of a sailboat, with notes about winds, was made about 1504 when Leonardo worked on the harbor of Piombino.



New revelations and exquisite drawings

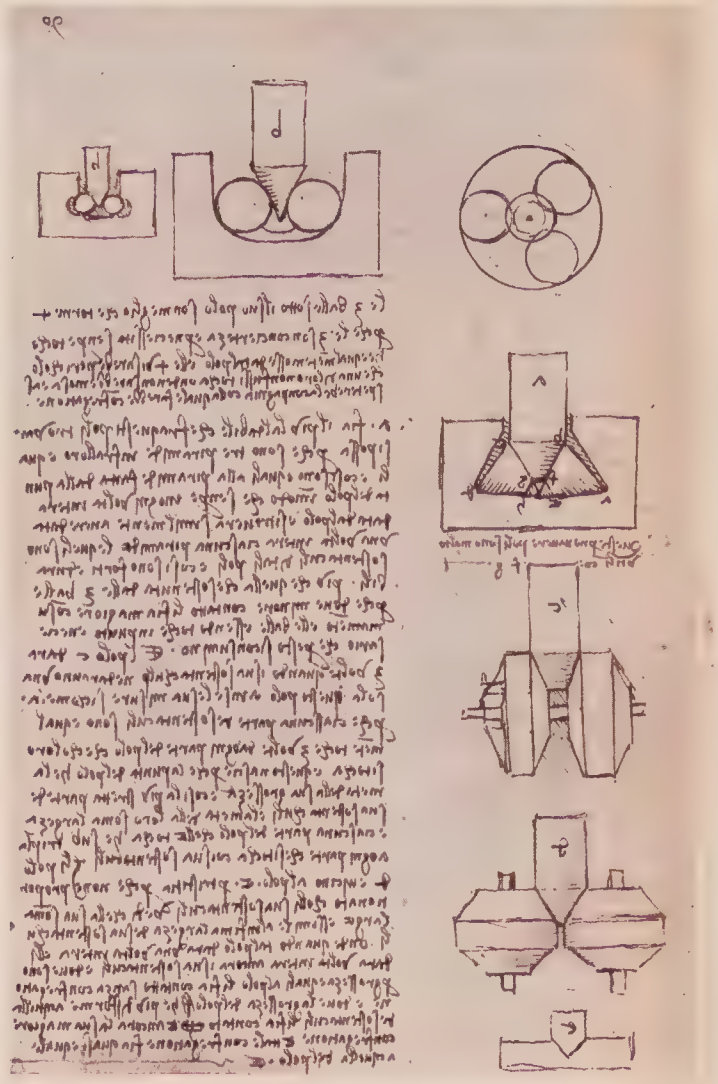
Leonardo did not devise his mirror script in order to hide his thoughts, but because he was left-handed and found it more convenient to write in that fashion. By studying variations in the writing, Professor Pedretti has been able to date pages in the Madrid manuscripts, assigning many to the years between 1500 and 1508, a period sparsely covered in other Leonardo manuscripts.

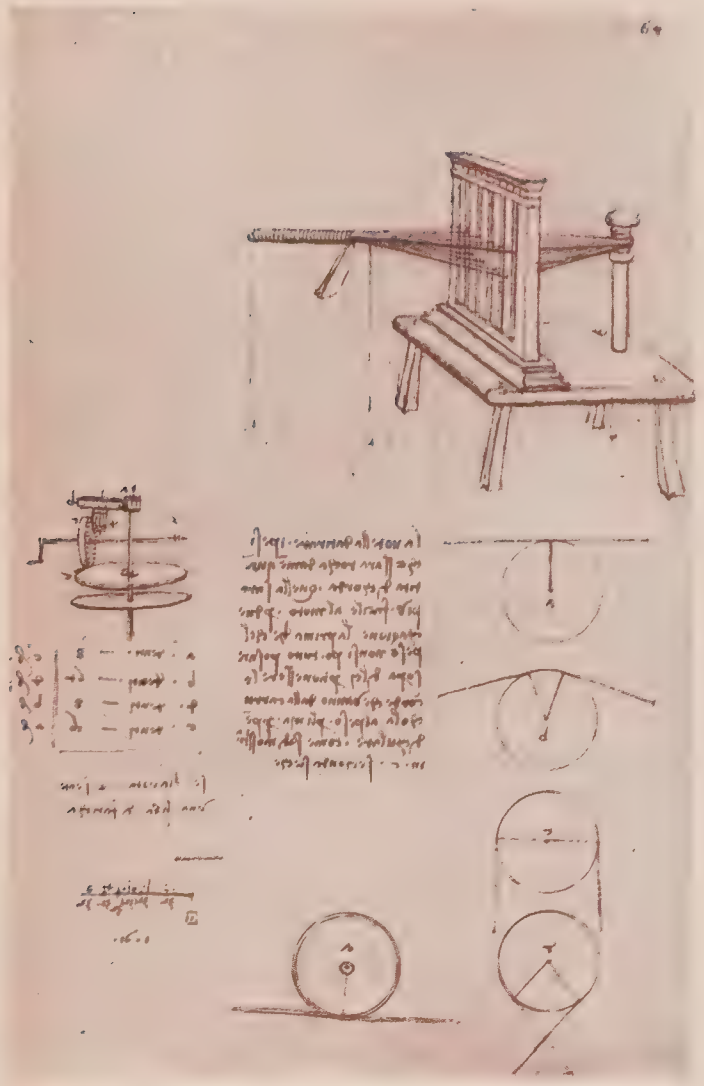
The first Madrid volume consists primarily of exquisite renderings of mechanical devices. The second volume, although smaller, is a notebook used by Leonardo for about 18 years and records events of paramount importance in Leonardo's artistic career. Among the notes are precise dates for his work on the Sforza monument (*pp. 26, 27*) and the *Battle of Anghiari*, a revolutionary painting, now destroyed, which 16th Century viewers regarded as "a miraculous thing."

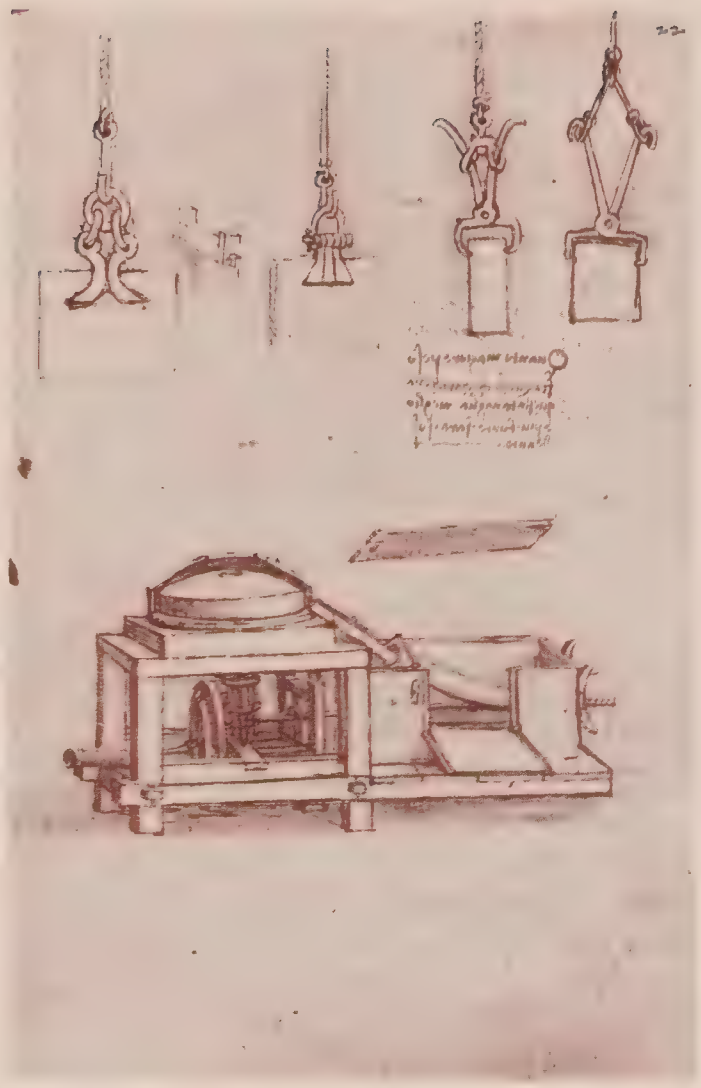
The volume also contains a list of books Leonardo owned in 1504, including a textbook for surgeons, the Bible, Euclid, St. Augustine's sermons, a pornographic satire on women, Aristotle's "Problems" and a treatise on gourmet cookery. Leonardo also listed some of his and his assistant's clothes: a taffeta tunic, purple stockings, a French-style shirt and a cape that had belonged to Cesare Borgia.

The manuscript includes more than 30 notes on painting, studies of fortifications, maps (*pp. 24, 25*) and material on the flight of birds, the motion of water. There are obscure riddles: "I am he who was born before the father. I killed one third of the human race. Then I returned to my mother's womb." (The answer may be "Time," which existed before God the father; kills the aged; then brings new life.)

Above all, the second volume is invaluable in its revelations of Leonardo's thought and development. The drawings reveal the great man in relentless activity, using his broad pen as a brush, hastening to record his thoughts in the years that remained to him.

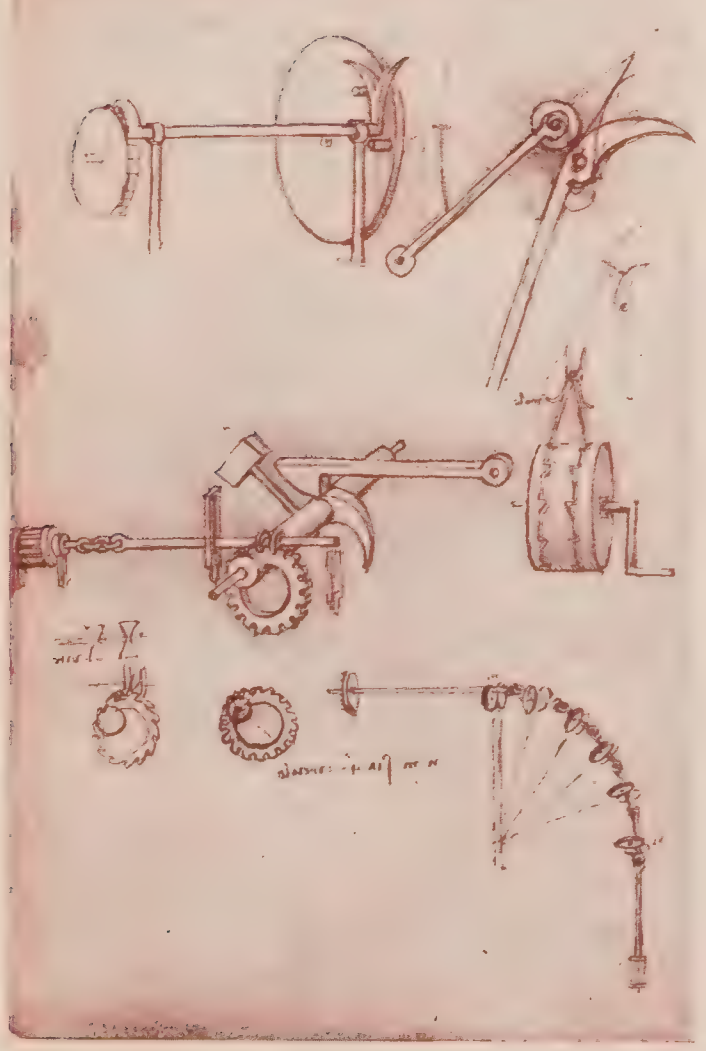


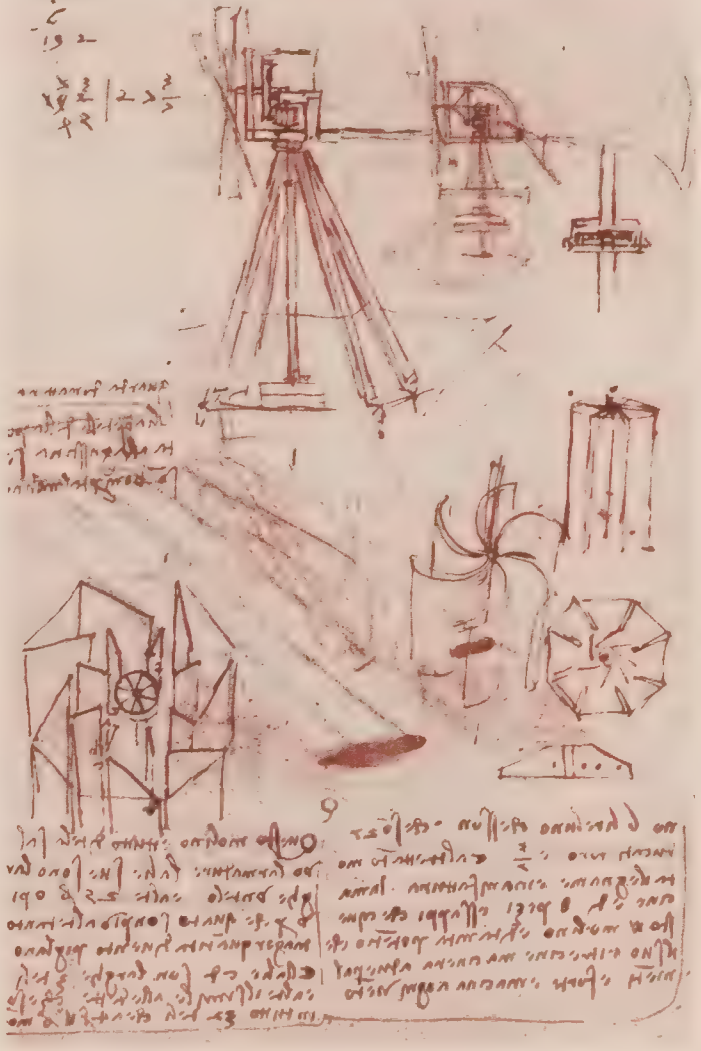




MECHANICAL THEORY, PRACTICAL DEVICES

Mechanisms of all sorts and sizes fill the notebooks, illustrating, on page after page, one of Leonardo's predominant interests: the transmission and transformation of movement. The triple-geared structure at far left, top row of drawings, was designed to transmit motion at variable rates. It may possibly relate to the operation of a planetary clock, some of whose circular parts are shown on the same sheet. Another geared device appears in the middle drawing (*top row*) along with a weaving machine and diagrams pertaining to the relationships of a wheel to its axis. In the next drawing, Leonardo catalogued a variety of pincers used by builders to lift stones. Below them is a machine for separating wheat from chaff. Far more advanced than any of these devices are the ball and roller bearings in the drawings at far left in the bottom row. Such now-basic mechanisms were unknown in Leonardo's day and did not become common until about 1900. In fact, few of Leonardo's designs were ever translated by him into working machines. He himself was always concerned "to have the theory precede" practice, a fact demonstrated by the gadgets in the next drawing, which suggest a variety of mechanical principles but no specific purposes. When he was working out some new designs for windmills (*right, bottom row*), whose semicylindrical sails were designed to rotate horizontally, he scribbled a note to himself on the left margin: "Check tomorrow morning whether the small trees at the Porta alla Giustizia [in Florence] are good for making such a mill."



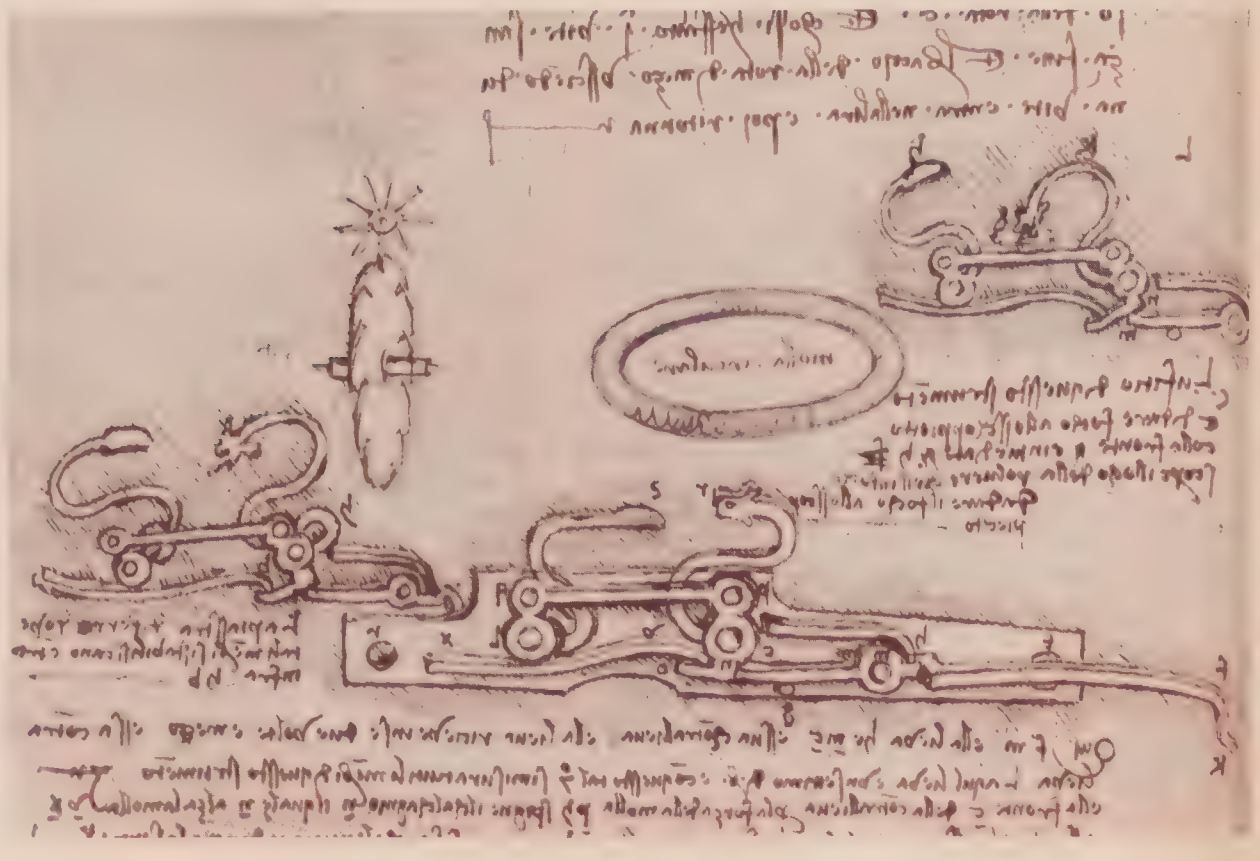


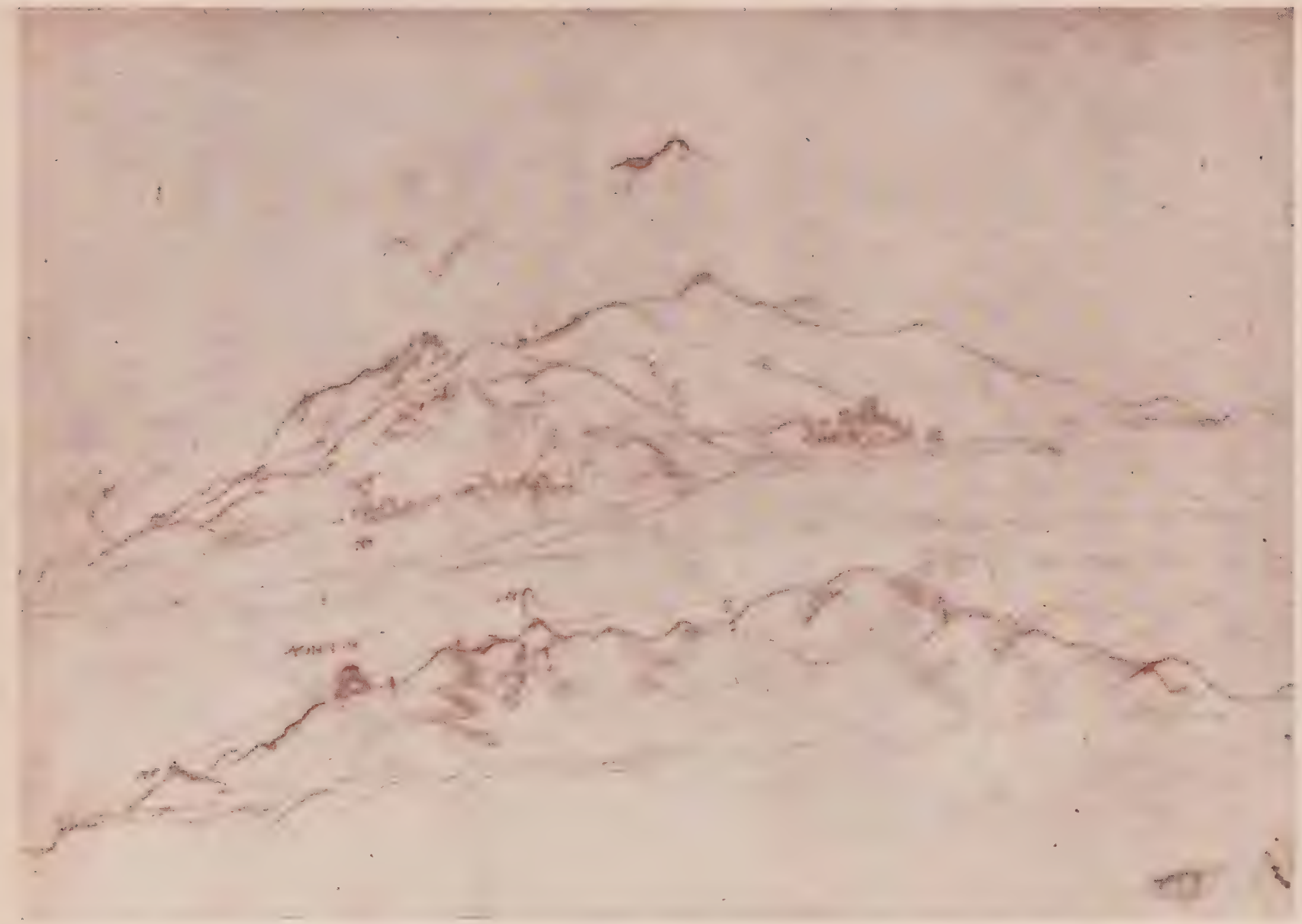
A SCHEME TO VANQUISH THE CITY OF PISA

In 1503, Leonardo devised a way for the city of Florence to defeat its enemy, the city of Pisa. This map, illustrating his scheme, shows the area around Pisa (left center). Leonardo proposed depriving Pisa of water by digging a ditch to divert the Arno River which flows through the city. On the map the ditch is indicated by a diagonal line curving from the serpentine Arno (center of the right-hand page of the manuscript) to a lake (lower left of same page). Leonardo's friend Machiavelli persuaded the Florentines to adopt the plan. They began digging but the Pisans moved in at night and filled up the ditches, so the project was abandoned.

A FANCIFUL FORM FOR A WEAPON

Though he called war "the most bestial madness," Leonardo was fascinated by military implements, machines and fortifications. Off and on for 30 years he recorded designs of firearms, such as the flintlocks shown at right. They were drawn around 1500, squeezed into the bottom of a page of notes about gears and springs. The writing describes the operation of the mechanisms. The serpent-headed cock was designed to hold a flint in its mouth. When the cock is sprung, it strikes a metal bar, giving off a spark. Leonardo boasted to Ludovico Sforza that he had devised "secret inventions" that would be of use to the embattled duke. But, in fact, most of his military designs were not original.





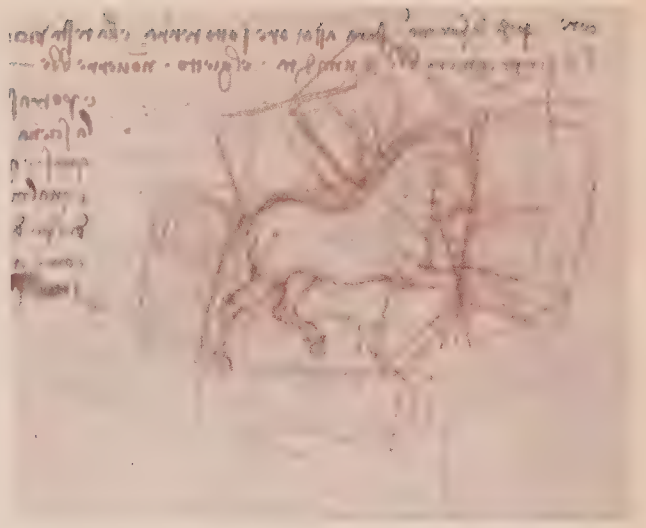
DETAILS OF THE TERRAIN FOR THE WAR PLAN

To aid him in his military scheme to divert the Arno, Leonardo not only drew maps of the area (*opposite page*) but also sketched the terrain through which the river flowed. The drawings above are actually two separate views of the area directly north of the proposed ditch that would cut off the Arno's water from Pisa. The mountain range in the foreground is seen from a vantage point somewhat to the east; the same range is shown in the upper half of the notebook page, but this time from the south. The area in between indicates the slope of the plains through which the ditch would pass and locates various villages at the foot of the mountains.

CANALS FOR COMMERCE AND FLOOD CONTROL

Part of Tuscany was mapped by Leonardo in 1504—but, unlike the map on the opposite page, the one at left was made for peaceful purposes. It shows mountains (darker areas), lakes and rivers from Florence (lower right) to Pisa (far left, center). On the right-hand page of this map he drew lines to indicate routes for canals which could be used by boats plying between Florence, Prato, Pistoia, Serravalle and Caiano. Leonardo proposed that the canals be financed by the wool guild which would profit from bypassing the sinuous rivers. The canals would also function as flood controls. But the whole project was apparently too ambitious and expensive so the guild never undertook it.

The secrets of casting a colossal horse



You made a design for a horse to be cast in bronze and, unable to cast it, you have in your shame abandoned it. And to think that those Milanese capons believed in you."

Thus Leonardo was taunted by his rival Michelangelo after Leonardo in 1499 had left Milan, where he had been working as artist and engineer for the city's ruler, Ludovico Sforza. During his 16-year sojourn in that city, Leonardo's great artistic achievement was *The Last Supper*. But for at least a decade he was engrossed in a colossal equestrian monument to Sforza's father. Leonardo's concept was Homeric in scale—the horse alone, without rider, was to have been 26 feet tall and would have required 100 tons of bronze for its casting. No sculpture of this size had ever been attempted before.

By 1493 Leonardo had completed a full-scale clay model of the horse. In that year it was exhibited and at once became one of the wonders of Milan. But Sforza, constantly embroiled in intrigues to maintain himself in power, was obliged in 1494 to send all available bronze to his brother-in-law to be made into cannon. There was none to spare for Leonardo's horse. Precisely *how* he intended to cast it, had the bronze been at hand, has always been a matter of conjecture. Most Renaissance craftsmen and artists believed the feat impossible. And scholars have agreed with Michelangelo that Leonardo had abandoned the horse.

The Madrid MS II will now cause scholars to revise their thinking. The manuscript contains in effect a treatise on the casting problems, indicating beyond doubt that Leonardo had worked out the solution in detail. He had made drawings of the mold (*right*) and constructed it. In 1499, when the French conquered the city, Gascon bowmen used the horse as a target. Gouged and cracked, it finally fell apart. The mold was also soon lost. Now, in the drawings of the Madrid manuscripts, the world gets new views of the horse—and of the vision that consumed so much of Leonardo's time and genius.

Nearly 20 pages of the second Madrid notebook deal with the casting of the great Sforza monument. The page which is shown in detail above is a find of major importance. The notes accompanying the sketch state that on December 20, 1493 Leonardo decided to begin casting the sculpture and he explains why he determined to cast it lying on its side. To cool the molten bronze, the mold would have to be placed in a cavity in the ground. If the horse were cast upright, the cavity would have to be so deep that it would encounter the water table. The drawing at left illustrates how the mold was to be opened. Below is a sketch of a structure designed for transporting the mold and placing it in position in the ground. On another page (*opposite*), Leonardo made a detailed drawing of the wooden framework of the mold of the head and neck.

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Sitting contentedly in a fog-filled plastic tent, Maria Kazlauskas, 2½, a victim of cystic fibrosis, stares out at her blurred surroundings.

Breathe easy in ultrasonic

Fog

The crib-size box of fog envelops the child in a ghostly veil—and she gratefully inhales the fine mist. Maria Kazlauskas, 2½, suffers from cystic fibrosis, a hereditary disease that attacks the respiratory tract and allows few of its victims to live beyond their twenties. The fog is created by a new device called the ultrasonic nebulizer which, by bombarding a cup of water with high-frequency sound waves, produces pure droplets far smaller—millionths of an inch in diameter—than the steam from that old-fashioned remedy for stopped-up noses, the kitchen kettle. As the child inhales in a Chicago laboratory, the mist penetrates the clogged air passageways deep in her afflicted lungs, breaks up the mucus and enables the child to cough it up. The nebulizer was originally developed as a paint sprayer, but researchers soon discovered its potent benefits in relieving respiratory ailments ranging from croup to viral pneumonia. They hope that it will also provide a reprieve for victims of cystic fibrosis by prolonging their lives until scientists working on other fronts come up with a cure.

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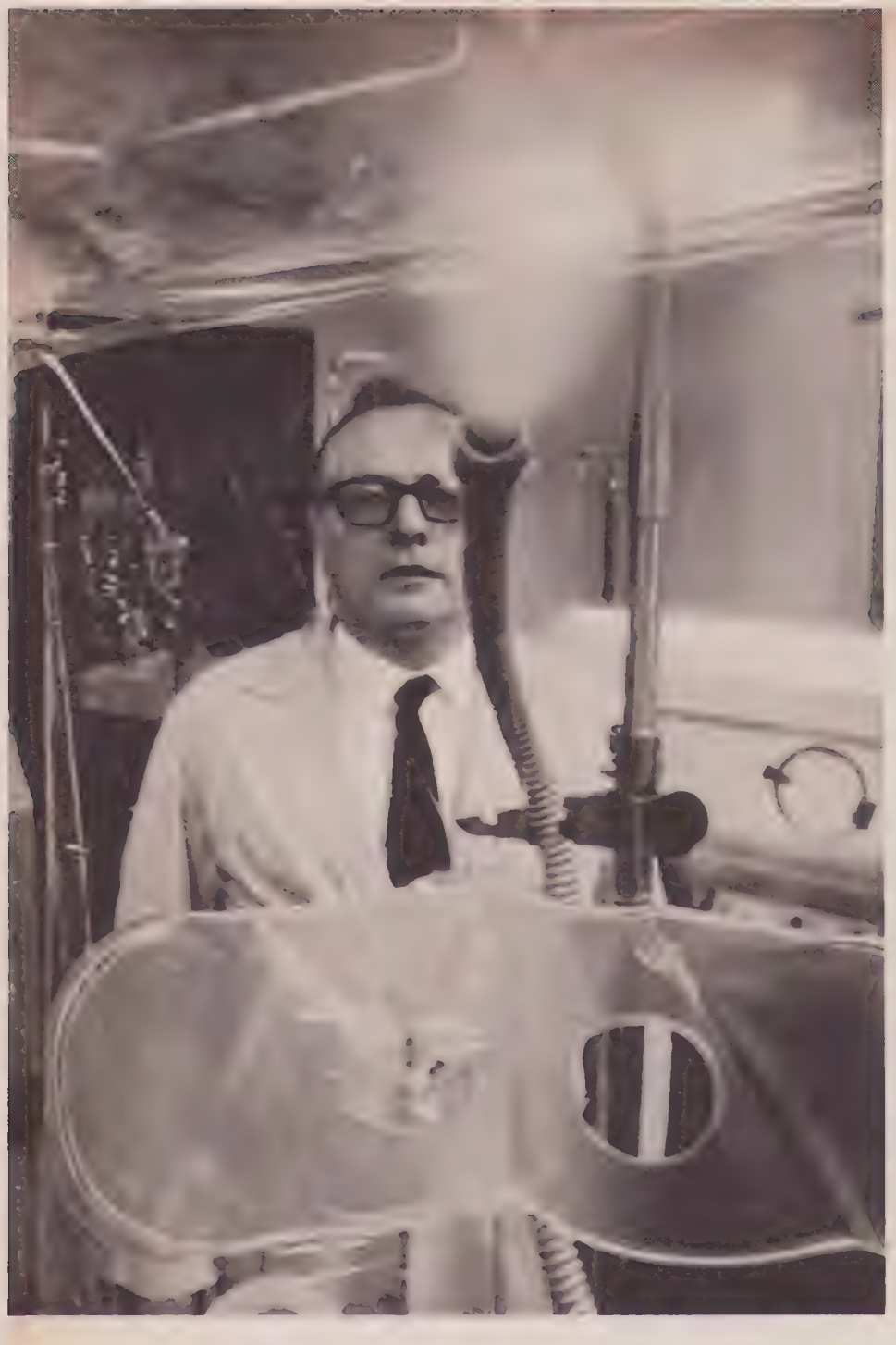
A cloud clinic's happy clientele



Testing fog machine at normal room pressure, Dr. David Allan (*left*), one of the first doctors to use the device, puffs a cloud into a mist tent at Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago. Above, a nurse monitors the humidity surrounding Maria Kazlauskas, who spends six hours a week in tent.

To show their daughters—both of whom had pneumonia—that it's fun to breathe clouds, Mrs. Pat Choate (at center, *below*) and Mrs. Dolores Cogley let them inspect a sealed chamber at the University of Illinois, where doctors are trying out the fog device at various atmospheric pressures.

THE BEST PICTURE OF A CAMERA YOU'LL EVER SEE.

max sauer studio

Montreal, July 29, 1966.

Mr. Mac Shoub,
The Mac Shoub Group, Inc.,
4141 Sherbrooke St. W.,
Montreal 6, P.Q.

Dear Mac:

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(Jean-Pierre Cucuel),
Chief Photographer,
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Australia's most dangerous shark zones are along the heavily populated areas of the eastern seaboard, where a shark has even mauled a human 50 miles up the Brisbane River. Black symbols indicate fatalities, blue symbols indicate verified nonfatal attacks. Each large symbol stands for 10 sharks; the small symbols denote one. Numbers are total since 1900.

Beginning a series

Scourge

No sight at sea is deadlier than the dark shape of a single triangular fin knifing the water. When a man spots it, his terror is little diminished if he knows that the chances of this shark's killing him are less than the chances of his being hit by lightning. There is something about the possibility, however faint, of being attacked out of one's own element, and eaten alive, that is more horrifying than the infinitely greater possibilities of dying in a fire or an auto accident.

In Australia this instinctive fear of sharks is enhanced by statistics which reveal that around the continent there have been about 370 documented attacks by the beasts. So it is no wonder that Australians are the most shark-conscious people on earth. Living mostly near the coast and enjoying marvelous beaches and mild water, they are faced with one frustrating drawback—shark.

Most sharks ignore man and will not bite unless provoked. But, like the Gray Nurse shark opposite, a few species are potentially hazardous. And some, like the eight-foot Whaler on the cover, can be extremely dangerous. The cover photograph, taken off Wooli, N.S.W., is unique, for in it Australian Skindiver John Harding, armed with a powerhead-fitted speargun, is about to put a second and fatal shot into the Whaler. Generally a wounded Whaler is so violent that if you don't get him the first time, you're in for it.

Whalers and Gray Nurses are common in Australian waters. So even though some Australian beaches are now protected with shark nets, Australians should know more about sharks. To keep them abreast of what is known about sharks, everywhere in the world, LIFE devotes this and two succeeding instalments to examining that primitive yet unrivaled monster of the deep.

Knife-sharp teeth of 10-foot Gray Nurse show why this beast, commonest of potentially dangerous sharks off Australia, is so feared. Valerie Taylor pulls this one in after killing it.

on what man has learned about his deadly enemy of the deep

# of Australia: the Shark

Shark deities and shark totems

Aborigines engraved this accurate outline of a shark (*below*) into sandstone at Kuringai Chase, north of Sydney. Grooving is made visible with white sand. The tribes believed that the shark was a spirit ancestor.

Hawaiian shark god Kapa'aho, above, is depicted by huge mouth carved in basalt. Hawaiians believed that if they struck this sacred boulder with a stone and heard a clear, ringing sound, the shark god was happy.

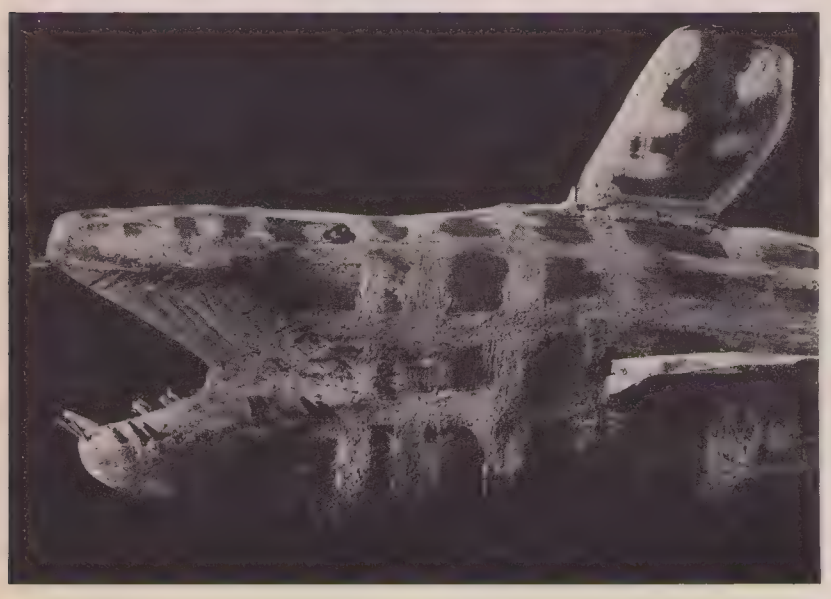
adorn the ancient myths of oceanic peoples

Since earliest times man has been so awestruck by the sinister majesty of the shark that he has populated his myths with a hierarchy of shark gods and demons. About 25 miles north of Sydney, on high ground over the waterways, are hundreds of sacred figures which were cut into the rocks long ago by aborigines. Among them are Hammerhead, Tiger and Whaler sharks. Undoubtedly the area was a ceremonial sanctuary for initiation into the rituals and history of the tribe.

In this history the beginning of the race was ascribed to heroes whose souls were supposed to reside in sharks—a myth that has produced shark-men forms cut in the stone. Variations of this shark-man concept are found all over the Pacific: in the Solomon Islands, the natives believed that the soul of a living person could take the form of a shark, so sharks were never killed. When someone believed to be a shark-man had a son, he would crook his arm to represent a fin and take the boy to a shark rock, where the infant's own particular shark was supposed to dwell. As he grew up, the boy would visit this rock regularly and sacrifice yams and betel to his oceanic relative.

Such shark-men recur in Hawaiian folklore, and each island has its special beneficent shark king. One of them was credited with foreseeing ocean perils; with his company of sharks, he was supposed to appear at the bows of the islanders' canoes to guide the crafts safely through storms to shore.

In modern times aborigines (*above*) at Cape York dance around a shark carved from wood, used as a tribal totem. At right, one of the warriors paints a totemic shark. The waters around Cape York are shark-infested.



Cape York sculpture (*left*) is of Ningkushun, totemic shark-man ancestor who, the aborigines believed, speared a girl in a lagoon. She dived into water with him, and his soul was incarnated in a freshwater shark.

Opening its mouth to bite, a Sand shark (*above*) exposes rows of rapier-like teeth. When front row gets worn, next row replaces it. Atlantic Sand shark attacks man; its Pacific cousin, the Gray Nurse, is less hostile.

Weirdest-looking shark is fast, aggressive Hammerhead whose eyes are at "hammer's" tips. Flat head may act as stabilizer to counter pitch and roll. This one, being killed with speargun, has suckerfish clinging to belly.

Some dangerous ones: Man-Eater, Whaler, Hammerhead

Jaws of a Whaler (*above*) are examined by Tanya Oldfield. Whaler, very common, is more dangerous than potentially harmful Gray Nurse.

Most dangerous shark is the Great White, or Man-Eater (*below*). Here Rodney Fox, champion Australian spearfisherman, hauls in a dead one.

Although there are some 250 species of sharks, only about two dozen are on record as having attacked man. And some may have been frightened into it, or momentarily may have confused a man for a fish; no one has yet proved that even the dangerous sharks prefer human flesh. In fact there are a few cases of a shark's grabbing a man and then (as though saying "Ugh! What's this?") letting go. Some experienced skindivers maintain that a shark seldom takes more than one bite out of a man, and claim that a rescuer is generally safe. Does the smell or chemistry of human blood confuse the shark? No one yet knows.

Nevertheless, it still is best to play safe with the Whaler, Tiger, Mako, Blue, Hammerhead, Dusky, Lemon, Bull, Whitetip Oceanic and Sand (Gray Nurse) sharks. Above all, beware of the Great White shark. It has been known to attack man without provocation, and has even attacked boats. And it can weigh three tons. Nor is it and its other shark colleagues necessarily found only in deep water. Some sharks have attacked in water as shallow as two feet. Others, in Africa, have attacked 120 miles upriver.

The slashing efficiency of the shark's attack

To fish as well as to man, the shark is the most feared killer in the sea. Its victims are terrified as it circles, then darts in for that gigantic, tearing first bite, so vividly shown in the sequence on these pages. Except for a rare encounter with a killer whale or swordfish, the only creature the shark need fear is another shark. Its lordly survival over 350 million years—it appeared very early in evolution—speaks well for the power of its sleek, beautifully streamlined body, its ability to defeat competitors, and its unfinicky appetite.

The shark will eat almost anything in the sea, fish or mammal or reptile, sometimes swallowing a giant turtle whole. It will sweep up any tidbit from the ocean floor—tin cans, beer bottles, someone's dentures. One lady received from a fisherman a hat she had lost overboard; he had found it, nearly intact, in a shark's stomach.

Many shark species, like the Tiger and Lemon, love brackish bays and estuaries after a rainstorm, for they find choice flotsam in the murk. But, contrary to legend, the shark does not necessarily care for sewage. And though some species will devour other sharks, particularly when their brothers are hurt, they do not like the smell of decaying shark meat. When a feast of fresh, bloody food is around —as when fishing boats dump their cleanings —sharks may leap and splash wildly in a ravenous "feeding frenzy." But despite popular belief, a shark does not have to roll on its side to bite its food, as these remarkable photographs, taken by the U.S. underwater photographer Peter Gimbel, gruesomely attest.

A 10-foot-long Blue shark, hazardous for man, closes in on a dead bottlenosed dolphin (*upper left*) after swimming all around it from 10 feet away, then circling it in ever tighter passes. The shark propels with its tail, steers with long pectoral fins, stabilizes with dorsal fin. Then opaque protective membranes roll up over its eyes and it stretches special jaw hinges wide (*above*) for a mammoth mouthful. Shaking the carcass vigorously to pull off a huge chunk (*lower left*), it comes back repeatedly for more.

A gallery of the weird and colorful

Most sharks are harmless—though always with the cautionary note that even a sleepy bottom-dweller can nip or bruise you if you annoy it. And the skin of all sharks is covered with minute spikes, or denticles, the way fish are covered with scales; brushing against one is like being rubbed with the harshest sandpaper. The shark's many rows of teeth actually are modifications of these sharp denticles of the skin. This is because sharks, along with their first cousins, the rays, are elasmobranchs, a primitive class which is different from the true fish, or teleosts. Both true fish and sharks are vertebrates, but the shark skeleton is evolutionarily earlier and is entirely of cartilage rather than of bones. One of the "harmless" types, the Port Jackson shark (*below*) is, in fact, so ancient that it is a living fossil. Being so primitive, most sharks lack the bony fish's buoyant swim bladder, so they cannot float motionless in mid-water. When they die, they sink to the bottom like lead. A shark also does not back up as readily as fishes do; that is why it circles and lunges.

Caught resting on a ledge, a Port Jackson shark is tagged for scientific study by Valerie Taylor. This shark's family is nearly 500 million years old.

Despite its name, the Leopard shark generally is mild. It usually grows at least six feet long and its diet consists largely of shellfish and small reef fish.

sharks that are considered 'harmless'

Among the ocean's oddest sights is the harmless Shovelnose (shown here with Valerie Taylor). Also called the Guitar fish, it is part ray, part shark and is easy to kill. It likes shallow water, feeds on oysters and clams, and sometimes lies so flat in the sand that it is almost hidden. Its mouth and gill slits lie on the underside of its triangular head. Cavities above the eyes are spiracles, special openings that assist the gills in respiration.

A Wobbegong, so named by the aborigines, is camouflaged among seaweed by its patterned coloring and weedlike fleshy tassels at its mouth. About six feet long, it can slash with sharp teeth if bothered. When mating, the male bites female near her gills until she bleeds.

The three-foot-long Horn shark is a sluggish bottom-dweller that will attack only if provoked. Named for the horny spines near back fins, this shark is close cousin to the Port Jackson shark, has pointed teeth in front to pick up shellfish and flat plates in back to crush them.

Camouflaged bottom-dwellers, ugly dogfishes

The odd-looking sharks here generally act as sluggish as those on the previous two pages. But if frightened, they will respond with surprising energy and, with skin like rasps and teeth like picks, they can hurt. When left alone, they mind their own business, which is eating. All sharks have ravenous appetites and gulp their mouthfuls whole, using their teeth not so much for chewing as for biting off morsels or for spearing and grinding shellfish. In their hungry hunt they use their paired forefins for steering and occasionally for resting on the bottom. The bottom-dwellers (*left and below*) often have fleshy feelers around their mouths to help them search, and can be dotted with spots or patterned to blend with their surroundings. Such camouflage is unnecessary for the midwater Spiny Dogfishes, who use their big nostrils (*as at right*) and marvelous sense of smell to help locate fish. Like sea locusts, they descend in gigantic schools to prey on fishermen's lines, nets and lobster pots.

Ugliest shark probably is the rare Prickly Dogfish, seen at right from underside. Its skin is very rough, covered with large sharp denticles. Its rows of unique teeth and its small mouth lie behind big nostrils. It is related to Spiny Dogfishes, one of the most abundant of shark groups.

One victim describes how it feels to be attacked by a shark

You bleed to death—that is the main cause of death from shark attack. The shark's crescent-shaped bite is so jagged (unlike the straight, razor-clean barracuda bite) that the bleeding is extensive, and the shark's method of ripping causes deep tearing. Salt water stems some of the bleeding, but the victim's life depends on how quickly the flow can be stanched. If the victim is in top physical shape and can withstand shock, he can survive, as did two Australian skindivers shown on these pages.

Both were victims of the Great Whites. Henri Bource (*opposite*) was fortunate that the shark severed his leg completely. Otherwise, pulled underwater, he would have drowned. Rodney Fox (*below left*) was competing in a spearfishing championship off Aldinga. As he later described it (in *The Reader's Digest*, August, 1965), he was in deep water when there was a "*hush*, even in that quiet world. . . . Then something huge hit me with tremendous force on my left side and . . . was pushing me through the water with wild speed. I felt [no pain but] a bewildering sensation of nausea . . . as if my insides on my left were being squeezed over to my right side . . . choking me . . . I tried to shake myself loose but found that my body was clamped as if in a vise."

Suddenly the shark let go, then came back. Fox wrapped his legs and arms round the beast to avoid the jaws, was thus borne to the bottom. The shark miraculously veered off. When he was rescued, one of Fox's arms and one hand were slashed to the bone, and his side was torn open from armpit to waist, exposing his lungs and upper stomach. Five months later he had recovered, and was back under water, as he explained, "to leave my fears where I had found them."

Fatal injury at left occurred off Florida when the victim of a plane crash swam from deflated life raft to rescue ship. In those few minutes a shark bit him in the shoulder. He clung to a lifeline and was carried aloft, but died from loss of blood.

Surveying a big kill of dangerous Bronze Whalers are John Harding and Rodney Fox (*left above*). Fox once was badly mauled by a shark. Opposite: Henri Bource, his shark-severed leg now equipped with flipper, still skindives among the sharks.

CONTINUED

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Man uses shark teeth

Wherever man has settled on a shark-infested shore, he has adapted the shark's main weapon, its incredible teeth, to his own forms of attack. For many centuries spears and swords barbed with shark teeth were used by warriors of Pacific islands. They were so effective that some defenders resorted to wearing protective armor. The epitome of "a tooth for a tooth" was the gladiatorial combat held by the ancient kings of Hawaii in those prehistoric days in Pearl Harbor. An underwater ring of rocks was constructed in the bay, with a seaward opening. As soon as bait lured a few big man-eaters through the opening, it was closed. While royalty watched from their canoes, a gladiator plunged into the arena, his only weapon a single shark tooth mounted in a wooden handle. With it he supposedly had a sporting chance to slit open the shark's belly. The shark usually won.

Island women put such shark weapons to practical use: when their menfolk were away fishing, they protected themselves from raiding tribesmen by wearing skin mitts studded on the outside with Tiger shark teeth. A swift sock with one of these could scar a man for life.

In other parts of the world shark teeth served other purposes. Certain American Indians found that fossil shark teeth near their encampment were still sharp after uncounted years; they used them as razors. In Greenland, where an unusual cold-water shark exists, some Eskimos cut their hair with shark-tooth knives. Shark teeth

Wicked weapons edged with shark teeth, from Pacific Islands, include a barbed spear with prongs for fending off spear thrusts, a sword, a dagger, and a gouging implement. At far right is a suit of coconut fiber armor and a helmet worn by Gilbert Islanders as protection from the shark-tooth weapons. The armor has a high, fan-shaped shield behind head to ward off blows. Idea of armor may have come from early Spanish explorers.

for weapons, razors

necklaces and earrings have been popular with oceanic natives down to the present day.

But these adornments often had a magic and religious significance. To many of these people the shark god was the most powerful of deities. In the Marshall Islands religious wars were fought between tribesmen who defied each other's shark totem taboos. The Society Islanders built temples to the Blue shark, and the Solomon Islanders, believing their shark god a vengeful deity, made caverns for him with altars in front on which they placed the sacrificed human victims. Japanese mythology was replete with terrifying shark demons, and in World War II the airplanes of General Chennault's famous "Flying Tigers" that fought Japanese airmen over China had the fearsome open jaws of a shark—probably the Tiger shark—painted on their noses.

Some shark gods, however, were considered beneficent. One of them was supposed to protect Samoan breadfruit and coconut trees if shark idols were hung from them. Most helpful of all, probably, was the Queen Shark of Hawaii, who was reputed to live at the bottom of Pearl Harbor. When in the early 1900s the U.S. Navy began building a huge $4 million dry dock in Queen Shark's front yard, the dry dock's foundations suddenly buckled and collapsed. Construction engineers explained that there had been an underground eruption. But older Hawaiians knew better. They wisely shook their heads and said, "Queen Shark is *huhu* [angry] and humps her back."

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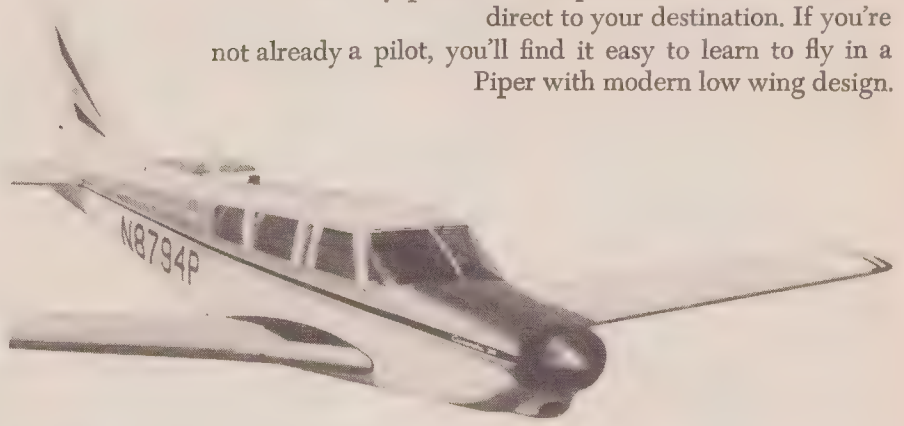

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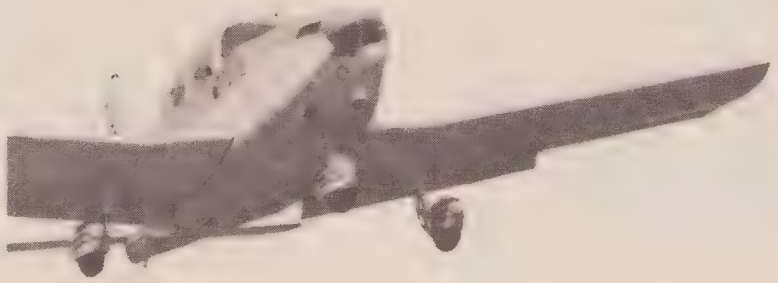

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Giving expression to the worldwide Art Is Dead movement, German Artist Werner Schreib ignites his "Spiral of Crisis"—Ludwig Erhard's picture covered with glue and gunpowder.

In a vacant lot in London, Underground activists from 10 countries gather for "a family portrait" during the first international Destruction in Art Symposium. Among them are artists, collagists, producers of Happenings and specialists in piano-smashing, car-burning, street fights.

An explorer of the worldwide Underground of art finds, behind its orgiastic Happenings and brutalities, a wild Utopian dream

THE OTHER CULTURE

by BARRY FARRELL

I knew in advance that the evening would consist of "new works" by composers who refuse to compose—that was fine by me. I was working at the time as a music critic, an apprentice music critic accustomed to learning on the job. At first I had stalled for time, confining my column to blues-singing sharecroppers and Ukrainian rhythm bands while working furiously at night to patch up my musical education. Now, settling into my free aisle seat at an obscure recital hall in the warehouse district of Lower Manhattan, I was reaching out and up for a new high rung on my nervous ladder—aleatory music, or the music of chance.

A glance at the manifesto in the program notes was enough to inform me that only a man of tremendous conviction and aplomb, or else a great kidder, would dare call himself a "chance composer." Instead of writing music in what they call the traditional "fascist" manner, chance composers shake dice or consult Tarot cards or count cracks in the pavement—anything to avoid the temptation to "intervene" in the music by dreaming it up themselves. Some produce elaborate scores in which every note has been found by exhausting, magic means. Others give the performers nothing more than a little poem or maxim which each is to interpret for himself—out loud, of course, and all together.

I had not thought of composers as fascists before, nor of music as something tamed and spoiled by the meddling of musicians—intriguing ideas to a rookie critic. But then the curtains parted and, with an appalling electric shriek, the music began.

An abject girl, looking wan in a party dress, sat sawing at an amplified violin. A pianist lashed at the keyboard with elbows and fists while six matching radios were tuned to play six different stations at top volume. An unsmiling young sadist—the composer himself—stood as close as he could to the microphone, the better to rub balloons together. The music thundered and swelled into a kind of ultrasonic treatment, and within a matter of seconds I slipped into the grip of an angry boredom that moaned in my brain like a cello.

Foolishly, I had taken a seat up front, so escape would require some daring. I looked around, hoping to spot the departing figures of my colleagues—fellow critics storming out in suffering equal to mine. But all I could make out in the dark was an imposing number of attentive faces—the faces of clansmen and believers, perhaps, but serious faces, disturbingly serious faces.

Then, in the din, an unwelcome thought crossed my mind: *none of these people was hearing what I heard.* Here I was, with pad and earnest pencil, straining my ear to judge the talents of a musician who only rubbed balloons together. Did he rub badly? Well? Was it pretty? What did it mean? In mounting embarrassment, I perceived that I alone was listening for the answers to these dogged questions, that the others were listening for something else.

I tried to let my eyes glaze over in some new way, hoping to apprehend the racket around me in the spirit of the evening. A couple of times I thought I was possibly getting it. I heard a squeak or two I liked, an interesting scream. Still, when intermission came, I gratefully slipped away carrying with me an uneasy feeling that lasted for days.

I had evaded the New Arts for a long time. On the few occasions when I happened across some avant-garde affair or an indecipherable modern novel, I came away with nothing but a vague sense of exile, as though some committee had met in secret to cancel my library card, my museum pass, my increasingly pathetic bachelor of arts degree. I was barely five years out of school and already nostalgia was replacing curiosity as my dominant attitude toward the arts.

But the chance concert struck me as a bit much—it challenged my education *and* my job. Joylessly, but with a sense of self-improvement, I made up my mind to go a step beyond my customary balk and learn what had happened to the arts in the years I had spent looking backward. It was a terrible concert and I resented it, but with it began a very adventurous time for me—my discovery of the world of art known as the Underground.

The Underground—the name carries a nice romantic ring, but it hardly describes terrain as traveled as this has become. "The Network" would be more like it, for this is the electronic age and the madmen too have telephones. A vast mosaic of Underground friendships reaches around the world, linking intentions and ideas, putting distant people in touch with each other. Since many Underground obsessions are illegal, or at least officially immoral, the movement reveals

CONTINUED

Bacchanal of nudity, Spaghetti and poetry

THE OTHER CULTURE
CONTINUED

itself slowly—you approach it like an artichoke. But what it amounts to is a culture unto itself, the Other Culture, all over the world.

PARIS, May 1965

Axes and hammers tear into the car. The car is being sacrificed. Then a roar, and the crowd is running, pushing, laughing, dodging the roar—a motorcycle. The girl on the back of the motorcycle is nude. She clings to the driver, gasping, gasping, eyes clammed shut. The motorcycle cuts through the crowd, roaring, rolling fast. People fall and scramble away. The girl jumps down, the motorcycle spurts up a ramp to the stage. Actors and audience merge—the Happening has turned the auditorium into an arena, and the action is all around. The girl is chased through the crowd, and men in the crowd join in the pursuit of her. The lights go out—shouts and louder laughter in the dark. A spotlight flashes back to the car, dying now like a beached whale in the center of the crowd—axes and hammers have been at it in the dark. Another girl, a blonde, face hidden by a white paper death mask, kneels on the car's crushed roof, and a boy stands on the hood: working like a sculptor, kneading, shaping, he covers her body with spaghetti. Sorbonne professors are present, Americans living in Paris with no address, an anonymous, open-faced collection of students—they strain in the crowd, peer, reach out to touch the spaghetti.

The girl scrapes cold pasta from her shoulders and flings it in clumps into the crowd. People turn squinting faces bravely up to receive splotch or splat—"*Ici! Ici! A moi!*" Boys begin to rock the car, and the girl shouts and kicks at them. Her shoulders, fragile and bony, shake and flutter—she is laughing behind the mask.

There is a small balcony overlooking the hall where 50 people sit watching, safe from spaghetti, witnesses pure and simple. Among them is David Davis, director of the American Students and Artists Center and host to the Happening taking place below. The center is like an intellectual Y.M.C.A. and Davis is like an intellectual Y.M.C.A. director, baldish and friendly, the man with the key to the ping-pong balls. "I guess I just really don't get it," he says. "Art has to be ghastly to be any good? If you enjoy something or understand it, it's lousy and you're a square? I have only one consolation. This god-awful festival will finally be over tonight."

Davis has hardly slept—he is the victim of his balanced good intentions. Freedom and Art are matters he takes seriously, and his hatred of censorship has impelled him to overcome his forebodings and invite Jean-Jacques Lebel, the leading European happener, to use the Students Center for his second annual Festival of Free Expression. Davis is sure he warned Lebel that "certain lurid moments" in the first Festival the year before had disgusted him, that this year "utter outrageousness" wouldn't do. But Lebel cannot recall this conversation, and now, at the Happening, the nudity-and-spaghetti bacchanal strikes Davis as an insulting doublecross. Angrily, he says he should have been tougher the night before, when a Happening staged by some artists from Nice who called themselves *Le Groupe Panique* went to such lengths that a live chicken was crucified.

Instead, Davis had hurried to the center that morning to strike a bargain with Lebel, whom he found in the auditorium cleaning up a carpet of chicken feathers, blood and tomato pulp. The festival can continue, Davis proposes, only if Lebel agrees to let two or three gendarmes stand in the back of the hall for the evening. "Oh, wow, God! Impossible to even get started thinking about it," Lebel replies, laughing at what he chooses to take as a joke. So, absolutely no deal—and that leaves Davis in a quandary. "If I stop it now," he says, "there will be about 28 times the scandal there already is."

Davis restrains himself well. He sits through that evening's events, holding himself firmly in his chair. A childbirth film is projected backward, causing the squalling red infant to go headfirst back where he came from, with doctor pushing hard to help, mother finally backing pregnant out the door. Fidel Castro's voice unaccountably booms forth as two girls in cabbage-leaf costumes dance down from the stage, inviting the crowd to salad and producing a happy stampede. A couple inside a burlap bag begin to bounce in the motion of love as Lawrence Ferlinghetti, visiting American beat poet and contributor to the festival, reads from his latest work:

In London Happenings festival, Welshman Ivor Davies stands beneath his complicated creation—a photograph of Robert Mitchum, an anatomical model and a department store dummy. Then he blows it up.

Survivor of many Happenings, Japanese Underground leader Kato wears sash and headband as director of the Zero Dimension Group. Its members believe they can reach the true nature of things through pornography.

The most admired of Europe's Underground artists, Jean-Jacques Lebel put on a monstrous marathon of Happenings in Paris. He preaches the movement's manifesto: that art should alter a person's idea of himself.

. . . I'm sorry officer
I'm sorry mother
That's the only word I know
that works
It's a word of love daddy. . . .

The all-at-once rush of events is too swift to follow—a barrage of images flashing across the mind unsorted, melting and mixing, as in a Coney Island dreamscape where visions collide like bumper cars. The atmosphere is playful, yet noticeably too intense to be merely playful. It is as if the crowd's own alchemy had worked upon it, taking all but the most resistant back into some bygone evolutionary cycle; those who participate seem deeply affected, even transported.

The Happening ends with a final fling at the car. It is beaten and torn until even the cylinder block is laid open, and people go triumphantly out in the rain bearing spark plugs and pistons, portaging fenders like broken canoes.

Davis needs a drink, so he watches impatiently for the last happener to quit the premises, locks up, then follows the crowd down the Boulevard Raspail to La Coupole. La Coupole is a cafe as big as a blimp hangar, a cafe that appeals to beatniks, tourists, people with romantic feelings about Left Bank cafe life, celebrity lovers, a dense and exciting casbah of beer and coffee drinkers —artists, intellectuals, students, happeners. Between 10 p.m. and 2 in the morning, the place is like a train station in wartime.

Davis finds a table and is dismayed to be greeted immediately with claps on the back that salute him as the Happening's *real* hero. He smiles weakly as people stop to compliment him on his courage and taste. "All week long people I thought were fairly normal have come to me and said they thought it was simply wonderful, very important, a great thing for the center to have done," he says. "I must be missing the message. I know the world is in a mess. I know about the Bomb. I know about violence in the streets of New York. But why does art have to be as bad as life? I just don't see how this kind of thing helps."

Lebel enters with his flushed and happy crew, a big vaulting smile gleaming out from behind his beard. "*Salut! Salut!*" he calls to his friends, and his friends call back, "*Salut!*" Even bourgeois diners at the formal tables look up from their meals and stare across the crowd at his entrance. His sky-blue glasses and sargasso of hair and beard identify him unmistakably as a culture guerrilla, but such a thriving specimen of libidinous eccentricity that the sight of him is enough to bring certain solid types to the point of making an on-the-spot citizen's arrest. In street demonstrations, Lebel carries a sign that announces across-the-board rebellion—"HANDS OFF VIETNAM, TIBET AND LSD!" But now it is the beautiful girl on his arm, his king-of-the-mountain manner that make him an arresting presence, a man not to be ignored.

Lebel is jubilant, elated, exhausted, broke. His Happenings are by no means spontaneous improvisations, and he has worked without a distraction for a good two months to bring this night to being. Since his field of vision and his means of expression are limited only by his chronic lack of money, putting a festival of Happenings together is an undertaking that tests him in many different ways. He performs as actor, painter, sculptor, writer, producer, planner of details, signer of IOUs; he rallies other happeners—hard men to rally—bringing them in from all around the European avant-garde axis: London, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Ibiza, Tangier; he builds and paints the props, finds film projectors and strobe lights, rehearses half a dozen casts, harangues his way into places such as the Students Center, churns out the blizzard of manifestos that signals the arrival of each of his public appearances.

Beyond this, he serves as psychic test pilot for his circle of friends and admirers, and he goes through his festivals tuned up to electric sleeplessness by the steady ingestion of various psychovitamins. He comes down from these periods giddy and totally debilitated, like a man gone miles outrunning a pack of dogs. His Happenings reach a pitch of demonic energy that can touch and trace all the ancient animal movements of the mind, and on stage Lebel is a witch doctor, a man of big magic. Away from it, though, the footing grows more treacherous and, at 28, he lives, as he says, "on the verge of physical extinction, like a suicide or a criminal."

"*C'est la guerre totale!*" is a phrase Lebel includes in nearly all his letters and broadsides—a river of words plunging through the mails in French and perfect hipster American. He has a stamp for the envelopes that reads:

WITH THE AFFECTIONATE GREETING ( ) THE RESPECTS ( ) THE CONTEMPT ( ) OF JEAN-JACQUES LEBEL.

The letters he sends to the Thought Police at *Le Figaro* or

CONTINUED

'All art that pleases people is sabotage'

William Burroughs, reformed junkie and author of the Underground bible, *Naked Lunch*, has dynamic influence on the Other Culture. He plays himself in new Underground movie, *Chappaqua*.

THE OTHER CULTURE
CONTINUED

Le Monde go clearly marked CONTEMPT. Lebel is like a man at war in the way things thrill or infuriate him, the extravagance of the loyalties and hatreds he feels. But his Happenings exist to give form and flight to all extremes of hallucination and erotic fantasy, and by making these things public and palpable—the genuine shared experience of a group—Lebel lays out his revolutionary proposals with admirable clarity: the end of repression, the birth of an age of gentle and ecstatic anarchists.

This is an old dream of a revolution, of course, the peach of revolutions. But it is rare to run across a revolutionary as buoyant and intrepid as Lebel, even in the Underground, and when I saw my first Lebel manifesto—"To Conjure Up the Spirit of Catastrophe," it was called—I wanted to meet the author right away. I was new in Paris and timid about my French, but the envelope said RESPECTS and I knew that Lebel had lived in New York as a boy. All the same, I worked out a few preliminary questions on my way to his studio, figuring out the verbs in advance, running the words over my tongue.

But from the time he pulled open the door to his amazing studio—a workshop-warehouse full of spilled papers and paints, a bunker-archive of fugitive ideas—Lebel was off and running at a clip that scarcely allowed for any questions. He was accustomed to talking to journalists—expert at it, in fact—but his friendly enthusiasm surprised me, considering his dark opinion of the press. He knew all the Underground books, all the sources, all the people to see, and he took weeks away from his work to lead me around, hurrying the pace like a guide bursting to show off the wonders of his wonderful town.

He started me off with the basic argument behind all Underground thought and art: "Art shouldn't be something to rest on—an 'armchair,' as Matisse said it was. It's supposed to change life. It asks you to be an active person. But culture has become something that asks just the opposite. It wants only to control people. It's anticonsciousness, a means of silencing us. It consolidates taboos instead of destroying them. It has nothing to do with the life of the mind."

The principal aim of Underground art is to destroy what Lebel would call "the feudal game of art"—the notion that becoming "cultured" consists of learning what to look for in art and how to admire it. "I used to have the idea that you could say things in painting—the naive idea," he says. "I've given up on that now, like a lot of us who can no longer accept the masquerade of playing 'artist.'

"People are taught to think they can live art by collecting it, but they can have a Van Gogh in their living rooms and it won't change a thing in their lives. I think art is supposed to provoke a crisis that will change a person's whole idea of himself. But most people are put off by art. They avoid it, they feel insulted by it. This is a result exactly contrary to the intentions of modern artists, who are saying, 'Don't worship art—let it happen to you,' The truth is that art is just the experience. The way you feel at a Happening, the way you evade it or participate in it—these things make up your portrait. And your portrait *is* the work of art."

So Lebel is entitled to the mission-accomplished mood that sweeps over him now that he has brought another Happening into being. He has been hounded by the police, attacked in the papers, glared at in the sanctum of his own cafe. But the juices are running—the unspeakable has been said. "Those girls who were naked," he says exultantly, "it did them a lot of good. It gave them a chance to communicate with others on the level of their fantasies and dreams. The subconscious isn't just something that's there—*sacred*. It's something you can dive right into. It doesn't matter if what you do is art or not as long as it touches people in their deepness. Who cares if it is beautiful or horrible? If it gets across on the level of deep experience—there! That's it!"

TOKYO, December 1965

Japanese happeners are known throughout the world Underground for their unblinking attention to pornography. This is true of Japanese living abroad as well as those at home—it is something that stays with them in all climates. I was unaware of this when I arrived in Japan, and I filled my first notebook with a forest of exclamation marks. Then it dawned on me that the Japanese Underground, just as the French or American, is only the child of the culture it protests and is shaped and focused accordingly. In Japan, as elsewhere, "repression" is the enemy; but the Japanese take the word quite literally to mean the thing that makes them stutter, the big national hang-up, and as a consequence they work in heavy brush strokes.

The Zero Dimension Group, an ideological action team of 20, is setting up for a Happening at the Modern Art Center of Japan. An impatient crowd has gathered. The Zeroes come from the industrial city of Nagoya and their feelings of provincial inelegance are magnified by the knowledge that here in Tokyo they are commonly spoken of as the Bare-Bottom Group, a slander that Kato, their leader, dismisses with a bare-shouldered shrug.

The Zero Dimension philosophy, Kato explains, is outlined in a 5,000-page manual, and he can hardly run down the whole thing just now, with minutes to go. But the basic idea is that the nature of things can be perceived only by those who fix their attention on all that is considered vulgar over a long period of time—two or three years, at least. The Zero people rarely let an hour pass without absorbing themselves in some forbidden thought or deed. Militant members carry vulgar flash cards to consult on buses and trains.

Three celebrated artists are in the audience—Tadanori Yokoo, Tatsumi Hijikata and Masao Adachi. Only Yokoo appears to be enjoying himself, nodding and smiling at friends in the milling crowd. Yokoo's life is scrupulously proper. He and his family dress neatly and well, and they live in a house that will not embarrass their parents when they come to call. Yokoo is 29, and in his polished shoes and sober tie, he could pass for a certified public accountant.

But in his work as a poster designer—his *real* work, the work he does when the rent is paid—Yokoo is wonderfully, wickedly inspired. Even an occasional commercial poster turns into such a savage and articulate caricature that his client has to send friends fanning out over Tokyo, ripping them down from telephone poles and fences. "A good poster should disturb people or rebuke or nauseate them," Yokoo says. "To me, art that pleases people is sabotage because it confirms the society's faith in itself."

Yokoo's posters do not yet reveal his streak of Zero Dimensionism, but his prime ambition is to overcome the embarrassment he feels at using the very dross of life in his work. Things

Completing their project in creative vandalism, Ralph Ortiz (left) and Paul Pierrot put the last blows to a Victorian piano in a London yard.

flapping around in gutters and floating past piers—these are the things that absorb Yokoo, that explain his smile of anticipation as he sits sipping whisky from a paper cup, waiting for the Happening to begin.

Hijikata, however, is bored—he stands looking absently out the window of the smoky gallery, a handsome, impressive, lonely-looking man. What sets Hijikata apart from other artists is his raging belief that he alone is working seriously and well, and when he speaks of his isolated genius, he hammers the table and grabs at his heart.

Hijikata works full-time the year around with his company of 100, and the lot of them stay alive on the profits of a stew shop they own and operate. The work that goes on in the all-day dance class is on a par with the assembly of Swiss watches, but the delicacy and precision of Hijikata's work are usually lost on audiences who see only the sex and dirt and rolling around. This depresses Hijikata profoundly, but it does nothing to shake his idea of where art lies—in "things from life, yet not the things one sees."

Hijikata's vision of such unseen events usually runs to something along the line of transvestites dressing—he wants to get to the fleshy heart of things. Not long ago, as a gesture against censorship, he stationed two nude dancers atop a downtown office building, had them assume the posture of love, then flooded the scene with spotlights zeroed in from across the street. The extraordinary public spectacle that resulted brought riot police, who arrived in jeeps, carrying gas masks, sticks and bullhorns.

Now, as a Zero Dimension man blows cold shrieks through a saxophone while another chants "Life-Is-One-Big-Dirty-Picnic," Yokoo and Hijikata move forward to the edge of the crowd. Adachi, though, is plainly disgusted, and he sits by a wall festooned in chains of foam rubber objects, smiling his menacing smile, looking steadfastly away. Adachi is a film-maker. His one full-length work, *No-Sex*, is the talk of the Japanese Underground, the local *Flaming Creatures*. But the censors have been at it and Adachi considers it ruined. "It seems like a cheap sex movie now," he says. "That's just the opposite of what it was—an argument against the idea that sex is necessary to eroticism. The girl in the film has no sex but the boy loves her anyway. The point of this is that obscenity enters with the girl's gratuitous wish for a sex like everyone else's."

Adachi glares as the Zero dancers strip, shakes his head despairingly as 12 naked dancers fling themselves into a pile of sawdust to receive a pillow-whipping from Kato, their boss. Lighted candles protrude from several bottoms, dripping globs of hot wax. A grave girl in a black leather coat mounts a stepladder above the boys and begins tossing eggs down on them. The eggs do not break at first, and the girl hurls

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THE OTHER CULTURE
CONTINUED

them harder and harder, leaving egg-shaped welts; one of the boys sobs into the sawdust as eggs assail him. "This kind of people—I can't even describe them," Adachi says. "They're a messy bunch of masochists with a sadistic boss. I'm getting ready for a good punch-out, and I've got the gang from *No-Sex* here to pitch in. That would be a real Happening—getting these bare bottoms out into the street and kicking them around a little."

Hijikata is more forbearing. Even when the Zeroes light fumigation bombs that fill the crowded room with balsam smoke so thick that the prone dancers disappear under a noxious white cloud, he smiles tolerantly, like a father at Games Day. "I think what they're doing is interesting, as far as it goes," he says carefully, "but it's so superficial I can hardly believe it." Yokoo smiles and coughs, nods his head yes, yes. Adachi begins throwing Coke bottles out the third-floor window "to express the natural hostility I feel against the voyeur"—in this case the crowd queued up in the street below, waiting to get in.

All windows are flung open but still the smoke is too thick to bear. The crowd pushes through French doors to a cold terrace, and soon the Zeroes themselves give up and come out into the weather, stepping barefoot on the pebbled asphalt, a couple of candles burning gamely still. Kato points out the dark, imposing silhouette of Fujiyama, a rarely seen eminence of shadow behind the jagged black Tokyo skyline. "Seeing Fuji-san makes this a real Happening," he says in high humor. "Do they have Happenings this good in New York or Paris?"

NEW YORK, January 1966 Ed Sanders has been arrested—it was only a question of time. Sanders is a poet, a thorny presence to the police. He is 27, the leader of a body-rock singing group called the Fugs and the proprietor of the Peace Eye Book Store, a foxhole for psychic revolutionaries on the Lower East Side. But mainly Sanders is notorious as editor and publisher of a poetry journal whose cheerily obscene name provokes in the reader a revealing crisis: can he, will he, speak it out?—or is he the prisoner of what Sanders calls "the emotional and sexual maladies of the race," what others might call "good taste"?

Sanders began publishing four years ago and at first he operated from a floating mail drop, distributing his mimeographed journal free and by hand. But as his list of contributors grew to include the likes of W. H. Auden, Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Philip Whalen and Norman Mailer—causing a half-dozen universities to subscribe despite the impossible title—Sanders assumed it was safe to surface at the Peace Eye. Wrong. The police strike, confiscate all copies of the magazine, charge Sanders with outraging public decency. Free on bail, Sanders sends out an appeal to friendly addresses in Europe and the U.S., warning friends in the movement that he is about to be "freaked off the scene" by the authorities. Then, settling down at the Peace Eye, looking vigorous and happy in GI-surplus clothes and blond Zapata mustache, Sanders tells about his arrest—for him a classic study in cultural hypocrisy:

"The cops were rolling around on the floor in the station house, screaming with laughter. All these cops, reading these big bundles of magazines they'd taken out of my store, and here I am in the next room being interrogated by the cancer cop who arrested me.

and hashish cookies

Underground patriarch Alexander Trocchi maintains contact with the movement around the world from his Kensington apartment in London.

He kept showing me things from the magazines and, trembling with rage, he'd say, 'What about this? Is this O.K.?' And I'd say, 'Well, certainly. And, sir, if you'll turn the page you'll see a poem by the associate curator of the Museum of Modern Art which is a perfectly valid literary work.' I told him that as soon as I got out I would have a big party and invite him to it. And I meant it—I mean it. I think the best thing to do with cops is to subtly instruct and teach them. Hating them doesn't do any good. You have to work with them. You have to try to be as gentle as possible and instruct them through example and discussion."

All the same, Sanders' magazine was a true test of any censor's cool. With extravagant profanity —high-board double-gainers of profanity—he came out for free love in the streets, for "dope law defiance" and the protest-boarding of nuclear submarines. Like a young, unsubdued Allen Ginsberg, Sanders was becoming something of a guru. So the police reached out and snuffed him—or tried to. Even with a criminal charge pending against him, Sanders is calm in the knowledge that the American Civil Liberties Union will not be alone in his defense. The opinions of at least two Supreme Court justices approximate his absolutist notion of free expression, and to judge from the shelves of many popular bookstores, the tide is running fast in his favor; every day it gets more difficult to say something obscene.

On the other hand, every day it gets easier to turn on. The drugs —marijuana and especially LSD —have recently unplugged great numbers of young people from their middle-class connections, and they have drifted naturally into the Underground, becoming the most visible part of it. Stores have sprung up in a half-dozen cities that deal strictly in incense, water pipes, *mandala* charts, things to improve your trip; several new Underground newspapers carry homemakers' columns that give recipes for hashish cookies, aspic of mescaline, "pot-seed pancakes for a groovy breakfast high"; bars and auditoriums are thriving on psychedelic light shows designed to induce drugless experiences that counterfeit the real thing. There is a psychedelic school of painting, there are hordes of bands with the "acid sound," with the mystical *raga* sound, Top Ten songs about drugs, an unbelievable market for buttons that say I SMOKE POT or STONED IN THE STREETS—

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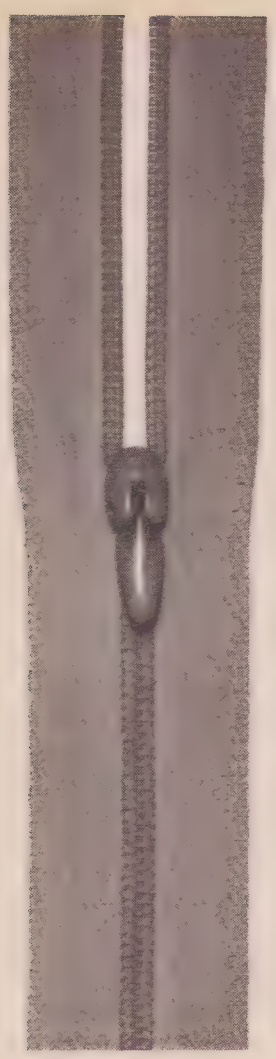

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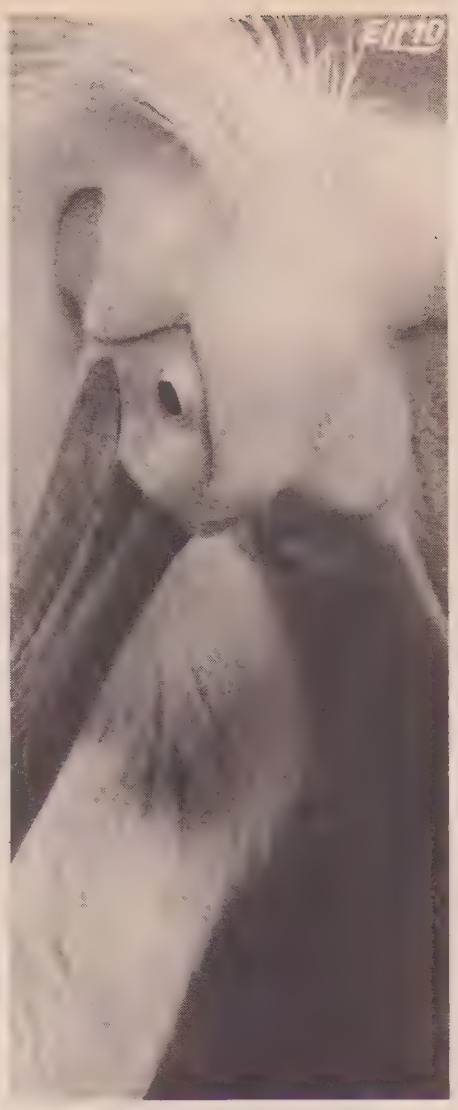

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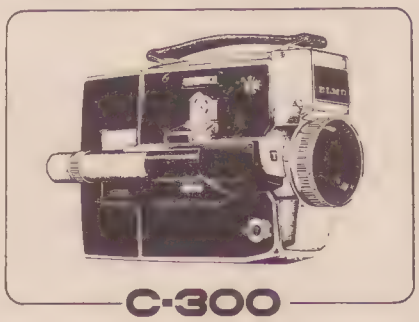

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THE OTHER CULTURE
CONTINUED

in short a whole commercial boomlet based on a genuine or vicarious fascination with drugs.

This cash-on-the-barrelhead curiosity is something the Underground is completely unaccustomed to—a luxurious new problem. There is a procession of art movements reaching back 50 years that invented every major Underground idea including the obsession with visionary drugs: the Dadaists, the Surrealists and the Beat Generation said it all. But none could have guessed at the size of the audience the Underground at present commands, the strange new turnings of "in group" taste. Some artists, like the ingenious Andy Warhol, have hurled themselves headlong into the honeypot while hardly altering the aim of their art, thus cleaning up deliciously on movies that last eight hours, on masochist song-and-dance acts, whatever they're buying uptown. Others have gone into the equivocal business of staging "happenings" for supermarkets and political rallies, venturing back into the culture for the money and the laughs. And there are others still working, as always, outside the current of events, quiet and alone.

But there remains the large and growing number of young people who are simply hanging around the Underground's permissive edges, using drugs to calm whirlwind confusions, to make the sun keep coming up. They gather in colonies of reassurance where the talk is mainly of India and the perilous struggle to stay high in New York—*O, Krishna, guide us today, 'cause the cops could come kicking through the door.* There is a huge amount of unused spiritual energy floating around in these circles, an obvious need to grab onto somebody's oar. After a while, it even becomes unsurprising to hear talk drift to a wistful little fantasy everyone seems to share: it would be wild to turn your parents on! You'd go back home and you'd wait for your moment and then you'd say, "Hey, mom, dad, I've got something here and I want you to try it."

London, January 1966 Alexander Trocchi is typing furiously—he doesn't look up as I enter. Around him are books, torn letters, old papers, a clean little bottle of heroin. Taped to the wall is the dust jacket of his one important novel, *Cain's Book*, a spare and barren account of his misadventures as a junkie in America. Alongside it is a map of Greater London marked in Trocchi's crimped hand: *Topolski Kernal Outpost, Ego-Optik Mk2*, arrows cutting in from all directions. A printed sign over the map says, "Men with no history dropped in thru a trapdoor." Trocchi types.

At last he jumps up from his chair. "Time! Time! I never have any time now that Sigma is going as it is. I'll just be a minute now"—and with that he goes to work on an oddly exhibitionistic fix. His arm is like a moonscape.

Trocchi's double misfortune is to be the world's second most famous junkie; the first is William Burroughs, author of the Underground classic *Naked Lunch*, who gave up drugs years ago but carries on in legend as *the* junkie. Trocchi is a brilliant Scot, over 40 now. He has worked in the Underground since the early '50s, and that is a very long time to spend in Trocchi's shoes. It has earned him hardly more fame than money, and now his energies are focused on a scheme to organize all Underground forces all over the world. In his cold, depressing little flat he is founder and director of Project Sigma, "the invisible insurrection of a million minds."

"We're coming along at a perfect time," he says. "Society is declining in its energies, falling off from its old mastery. It is now completely unable to control the quality of people's lives, and there is great discomfort in conventional circles everywhere. People don't know how to cope with the kind of life we're approaching. What Sigma has put together is a thin veneer of people all over the world, people who up to now haven't realized their vital contemporaneousness."

Sigma caused great excitement when Trocchi launched it four years ago. But now people are beginning to wonder about his technocratic zeal for organization and planning, his combat mentality, his tendency to tell every friend and visitor that a man such as he must follow the path that Joyce assigned to Stephen Dedalus—". . . silence, exile, cunning."

on creative vandalism

Jeff Nuttall has become absorbed in other things. Nuttall is a writer, cartoonist and schoolteacher with an eerie resemblance to Dylan Thomas. He also puts out a mimeographed literary journal called *My Own Mag*, the principal mouthpiece for William Burroughs. Nuttall publishes Burroughs' letters, his literary memoranda and his experiments in "cut-up writing," a technique of dissecting words from news items which, Burroughs believes, reveals truths beyond the range of conscious thought. Nuttall goes along with Burroughs unfailingly, even though, like everyone else, he is often unsure of what Burroughs has in mind:

"Burroughs is a multileveled character and it's virtually impossible to bring him down to rooted detail. Certainly he believes in the complete annihilation of the status quo, and he can be terrifyingly absolute about it, sort of shruggingly dismissing over half the human race. But he wants as a man what so many of us want—to drift into some area of hallucinatory delirium where there are some optimistic possibilities. Burroughs attempted to achieve this delirium through various experiments with drugs, experiments with the manipulation of his life and instincts. Finally he discovered himself hung up and his whole fundamental intention made impossible by heroin—and I've never heard a man speak so savagely against heroin, nor so searchingly and accurately as well.

"Still, Burroughs, all of us—we're decaying men, for God's sake. We're all decaying, clearly. Playing around with drugs, playing around with every possible sexual deviation. Really, previous ages of decadence would look upon the modern avant-garde with amazement and admiration. We've outdone the lot of them. But the curious, impressive thing is that so many artists are able to go through these things as intelligent men—not as totally unprincipled sensual men. If you go through these things to some purpose, it can be even noble. It's as if, with your own rot, you refuel and invigorate—you fertilize this very scorched earth for those yet to come."

LONDON, September 1966 What appears to be the agitprop section of the Art Is Dead movement has gathered in London to attend the first international Destruction in Art Symposium, a five-day talkathon and Happenings festival for 40 artists from the Undergrounds of 10 countries. Al Hansen, the collagist and happener, and Ralph Ortiz, the piano smasher, are here from New York and Lebel is in from Paris. Creative vandalism movements such as the Provos in Amsterdam and the Zaj group in Spain have sent delegates to discuss their most notable work—burning cars, starting street fights, making the police reach for their sticks. This sounds unwholesome until Herman Nitsch takes the stage to describe his occasional *blutorgie* in Vienna. The blood orgies are crowd-punishing events in which Nitsch eviscerates lambs tacked to white canvases, sloshing and splattering everyone's clothes with blood. Nitsch is small and round and monotone in black shirt, black suit and black humor. He seems to have made his life into a running Peter Lorre act, and no one quite knows how to take it when he angrily complains: "Any stupid medical student can get all the cadavers he wants, but I—an artist! I can get none." Lebel is delighted and intrigued, and in excited conversations with Nitsch unconsciously pays him the compliment of calling him "Nietzsche."

Hansen and Ortiz grow restless with the string of lectures and seminars—the atmosphere is academic, even parliamentary, and it strikes them as absurdly European. "They don't understand how spontaneously and beautifully we do things in New York," Hansen says. Ortiz smashes an overstuffed chair with an ax before a small but entranced audience, and the next day Hansen sets fire to an abandoned motorscooter. John Latham, a Londoner who builds towers of books—"Skoob Towers"—in order to burn them impressively in public, explodes a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia in a crowded vacant lot. People are beginning to yawn, and it is not until the Salad Happening of Otto Mühl that the festival is saved.

Mühl is ready in raincoat and socks when the crowd arrives at St. Bride Foundation Institute, a narrow, churchlike community hall whose auditorium he has rented for the evening. Mühl is no kid—he is 40 and a veteran of all the many kinds of misunderstandings a man can get involved

CONTINUED

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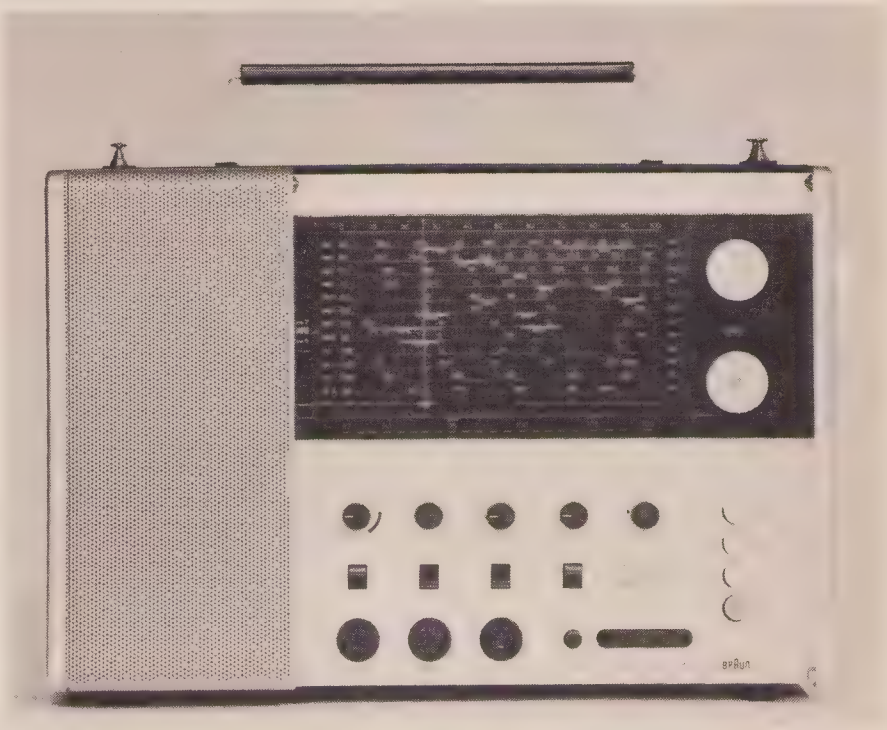

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The only society around with poet-kings

THE OTHER CULTURE
CONTINUED

in when his motto is "*Die Orgie ist Existenz-Sakrament.*" So he listens carefully as the London law for public spectacles is explained to him—only to discover a moment later that the question of insisting upon nudity has become academic: the girl he has found to assist him is a music teacher at a Catholic grammar school and she has asked to remain in her underwear throughout.

Mühl is a good sport about it, and when the girl comes into the arena of folding chairs, she is veiled in a gauze, and she also wears a graceful smile. She lies down on a bed of moss placed in the center of the room. Mühl shadow-boxes privately under the bright spotlights. Günter Brus, Mühl's partner from Vienna and the ideological *sprecher* of the evening, circles the room screaming German curses at the crowd. "Wow! The real concentration camp thing!" says a spectator.

Then Mühl comforts the girl in vegetables. Her body is smeared with flour, tomatoes, beer, raw eggs. Melons are smashed inside a gunnysack and Mühl pours the runny results artfully down on the twisting figure. Then comes dry cereal, wheat paste, milk, half-chewed carrots. Volunteers rise from their seats to come forward and chew carrots. Mühl chants and pours in bright powdered paints as he stamps and dances in the spreading salad. Finally he flings himself into the animal-vegetable marriage, embracing the girl, lapping up the milk and beer. An appealing mood of harvest-time merrymaking descends upon the room—the audience is spellbound, the girl is radiant at the bottom of the stew. It is her first Happening—an experience! "At first you're scared and embarrassed," she says, "but afterward it's just so *great.*"

Clearly, Mühl is a man working the mother lode. In spilled groceries he has lucidly revealed a number of the Underground's most difficult and ambiguous directions. There is the element of psychodrama, the jocular sadomasochism, the destruction, the libidinous innocence, the significantly popular choice of primitive ritual as a means of mapping modern thought. It is powerful stuff, and the critics who happened to see it are uniformly impressed. The *Sunday Times* concludes an appreciative review of the festival with a doomsday bell for criticism—always good news to the Underground:

"The arts today, and especially the visual arts, are a kind of brothel of the intellect, and nobody can write a report on a brother while standing primly outside the door. The idea that he knows precisely what art is, and what it is not, is, it seems to me, the only one which the conscientious art critic cannot afford to give a hearing to."

New York, February 1967 I spend a lot of time walking around on the Lower East Side. It's a long subway ride downtown from where I live, as long a ride as you can take between the comfortable middle of Manhattan and its hard island edges. But the cultural distance it covers would make far more of a journey seem short—20 minutes of subterranean screech erases the skyscraper dream, and you emerge in a country of long-haired immigrants from all the Kansas Cities in the world.

The East Village, as the colony is called, is a collage of eastern slum and western boom town. The streets have a great capacity for change and their winter look is infinitely bleak, despite the crowds, the blocks of eccentric little shops that gleam like gold teeth from the tenements. Walking along, I pass a group of pea coats sitting on a stoop and I feel the bad eye boring in on me. My necktie is estranging me.

This is to be expected. What the Underground offers is, first of all, a dramatic new life-style, and I have visibly not accepted it. Thus, to the Underground eye I am a two-culture yo-yo at best and quite possibly the fuzz—someone to be approached with caution. Barriers stand between us, but still I feel a strong affinity for the Underground or, rather, for the whole Other Culture.

Three years ago, when I first approached it, I felt duty-bound to suppress my hostility toward the Underground, remaining elaborately neutral, like a clergyman on a nightclub tour. But I couldn't maintain the distance—I liked the people too much. I liked them for their flamboyance, their talent for living without money, their spiritual energy, their undiscriminating humanity toward each other. They are gentle, scroungy, loose and free, the only society around with poet-kings, and for these reasons also I liked them.

So, next I tried to suppress my affections—I wanted to study the art objectively, theoretically. But this was impossible, for Happenings exist only as experiences, moments in which art is torn away from the context of culture to become a part of life. Happenings are the extreme last step in a half-century of art during which the significant discoveries have been renunciations: beauty, uniqueness, excellence, complexity—all these qualities have been abandoned, by succeeding generations of artists, like the crockery and winter coats of fleeing refugees.

But it is hard to break the habit of searching for some object in art, and so I persisted, through a dozen Happenings, trying to judge the artists as artisans—craftsmen of some new and terrible technique. It was not until Lebel made his point—"your portrait is the work of art"—that I gave up taming these evenings with my notebook and pencil. I began to let the Happenings happen to me, and since then it has seemed to me a waste of words to ask if Happenings are art.

There are few painters and sculptors in the Underground, and not many writers of prose. It is performers' turf—poets, happeners, actors, showmen, musicians. The best means of judging them is by their intentions; and the best way to understand them is to think of them as cultural revolutionaries.

The one universal intention of Underground artists is to open new areas of perception by clearing away taboos, to make the secret psychic drama the collective experience. This is their revolutionary proposal, and it should be taken seriously as such; it is a utopian dream and people are jumping the wall to embrace it.

Whether or not you approve depends, of course, on who you are and how well you like the life you're leading. Meanwhile, an alarm bell is ringing, and we're deep in our beds, complaining about its vulgar, brutal tone.

An Underground leader on the New York Lower East Side, Ed Sanders leaves "the freak scene" goes home to family life where he relaxes and toys with young daughter's panda.

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Spectacular Views of Spectacular Surf

When the massive winter swells racing across the Pacific Ocean come booming onto Hawaii's islands, the North Shore of Oahu provides some of the most spectacular surf in the world. Last month this surf was at its best, and so were the surf-riders who gathered for the invitational championships put on by surfing's colorful patron-participant, Duke Kahanamoku (page 68). The championships produced a surprise winner, Oceanographer Ricky Grigg, shown here in the tube during one of his rides. It also produced some breathtaking surfing pictures (turn page).

Three abreast, Ben Aipa, Eddy Aikau, Jock Sutherland ride same wave

Coming off the crest, Jose Angel locks into a critical position

Peruvian champion Felipe Pomar goes into a tight crouch

Eddy Aikau (below) rides just ahead of a spray-topped giant

Television crew in helicopter braves waves and wind to cover meet

Dangerous work in wipe-out surf

Covering the Duke's meet for LIFE were Don James, long famous as a surfing photographer, and Peter Dixon, editor of *Surfing Illustrated*. It was perfect weather for photographers, with bright sun glinting off the crashing blue and white water. But it was dangerous work, as the picture below attests.

It was dangerous surfing weather, too, with the big waves burying men in their roaring avalanches and rip tides carrying boards out to sea. Yet only one surfer broke an ankle, despite the wild wipe-outs. Winner Grigg, 29, used his oceanographer's knowledge of the sea to "stall" in the waves' curl, bursting away every time just before being engulfed.

Ricky Grigg is happy at surprise victory

Photographers risk being hit or swamped

Wild "wipe-out" (right) sends a board flying

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Legendary Duke Kahanamoku brought surfing to Australia

The sponsor of the aquatic acrobatics on the previous pages, and almost the patron saint of all surfers, is a legendary figure named Duke Paoa Kahanamoku. Though descended from King Kamehameha I, Duke takes his name not from his royal lineage but from the fact that his father was named in honor of Alfred Ernest Albert, the then Duke of Edinburgh, when the latter visited Hawaii in 1869. By 1890, when the present Duke was born, his father was a Honolulu policeman, and Duke was one of nine children.

Growing up as a Waikiki beach boy, Duke became world-famous as an Olympic swimmer after learning the straight-legged kick from some visiting Australian swimmers in 1910 and adapting it to his own style. He set an Olympic free-style record in Stockholm in 1912, bettered it in Antwerp in 1920 and again in Paris in 1924, being beaten only by the equally legendary Johnny Weissmuller.

Meanwhile Duke was carrying on the Hawaiian tradition of surfboarding. He had started at age 4, and by 16 he was surfing on a redwood plank 16 feet long that weighed more than 100 pounds. By ancient Hawaiian standards this was a light board. There is one still on display in Honolulu's Bishop Museum which weighs 160 pounds. It was used by a surfer named Abner Paki, who himself weighed 300 pounds. Besides surfing and swimming, Duke has found time in his busy 77 years to be a yachtsman, an actor in Hollywood and sheriff of Honolulu for 13 terms. Today he is a successful restaurateur.

But his abiding love has been surfing. After the 1912 Olympics he made a world tour to demonstrate the art of the surfboard. Visiting Australia, he was able to repay those swimmers who had given him his start toward winning the Olympics.

One look at the waves rolling onto those Australian beaches and Duke realized that here was one of the surfboard capitals of the world—after Hawaii, of course. Australian surfers were rare. One, who had imported a 12-foot board from Hawaii, had converted it, after some ignominious wipe-outs, into an ironing board. Duke visited the local lumberyards, selected the proper woods and chipped away at them until he had what he considered the best design for the Australian surf. He then put on a display of what could be done with the right surfboard and the right rider in the right conditions. On that day Australian surfing was born, and those Australian swimmers had been repaid.

—Peter L. Dixon

During the meet Duke shows off Rolls-Royce with surfboard rack

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Ω OMEGA

The black (Verreaux) eagle of southern and eastern Africa, 60 pounds of feathered sinew and predatory intensity, is not only one of the world's largest birds but also one of the hardest to find, and for good reason: it does not suffer intruders gladly. Nesting high in the mountains, a black eagle can knock an antelope off a ledge with a blow of its wing.

To get these pictures of the rare birds, South African naturalist Jeanne Cowden and photographer Arthur Bowland stalked a family of eagles for three months, trespassing gingerly in their aerie. Bribing them with rabbits, the intruders slowly created a tenuous rapport until Miss Cowden was even able to pat an eaglet on its wing. "But the adults," she said, "never weakened. They remained wild and predatory to the last."

NATURE

Rare Black Eagles on the Wing

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BLACK EAGLES CONTINUED

Fiercely fanning its eight-foot-wide wings (*left*), a black eagle snatches up a dead rabbit the naturalists used as a lure. Above, its mate signals an attack by extending its talons, then swoops dangerously close (*below*) to Miss Cowden. She was felled once by a whack from an eagle's tail.

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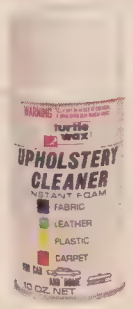

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Removes oil, grease and stains from garage floors, concrete driveways and patios. Also an ideal degreaser for cleaning lawn mowers, car engines and all metal equipment.

turtle wax

ONCE-A-YEAR CAR POLISH

Turtle Wax liquid car polish deep-cleans, polishes, waxes and seals in minutes. The Turtle Wax "HARD SHELL" finish of purest Carnauba waxes and weather fighting silicones locks out rain and salt spray, just like an invisible garage. Turtle Wax also contains "SUN STOP", an exclusive ultra-violet ray absorber to shield your car against paint fade and deterioration. Just one easy going over with Turtle Wax gives your car a deep, vibrant shine that lasts all year 'round.

turtle wax

CAR WASH ADDS TURTLE WAX AS IT WASHES

Turtle Wax Car Wash has a unique shampoo action that effortlessly removes grease and road grime without affecting that last wax job. As it washes, it adds Turtle Wax, boosting the existing shine in one easy operation. Turtle Wax comes in six-wash tube and handy one-wash sachets.

turtle wax *world leaders in car care*

47-77

An Apply-It-Yourself Salve for Skin Cancer

Cured of skin cancer of the nose—caused by too much sunlight—a 35-year-old Buffalo man sits beside a picture taken before he began his month-long treatment with new medication.

Special salve containing Methotrexate, a drug used to treat leukemia, is easily applied by patient who developed skin cancer as a result of having taken arsenic-based medicines as a child.

Though skin cancer is easy to detect because of where it occurs, the disease has always defied medicinal treatment and doctors have had to rely on surgery or X-rays to cure it. The man above was cured with a new apply-it-yourself salve that makes some forms of the malignancy almost as easy to clear up as wintertime chapping. Developed at Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo by a research team headed by Dr. Edmund Klein, the medication contains blends of chemicals such as 5-Fluorouracil which are routinely used to inhibit certain internal types of cancer. As yet the preparation has not been made available to the general public because it is still undergoing tests, nor has it proved effective against all varieties of skin cancer. But hundreds of cases have been cured, marking the first such success ever obtained with drugs and a victory that may influence treatment of many kinds of cancer in the future.

CONTINUED A11

nobody knows she has a cold...

she's having so much fun.

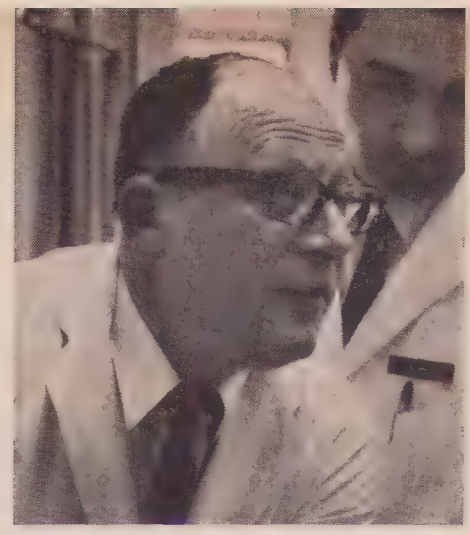
No sniffles. No stuffed-up feeling.
Because the tiny time pills of good medicine in each Contac*500 capsule are 'timed' to release medication continuously, gently, to relieve your cold symptoms and let you feel so much more like yourself. And each Contac capsule works for up to 12 hours. It's already Australia's leading cold medication. So if you catch a cold, catch it early with Contac 500. Just ask your chemist about the capsule that remember.

*Regd. T.M.

each capsule gives up to 12 hours relief from colds

Contac 500 is a product of Menley & James Laboratories.

FCBMJ 232

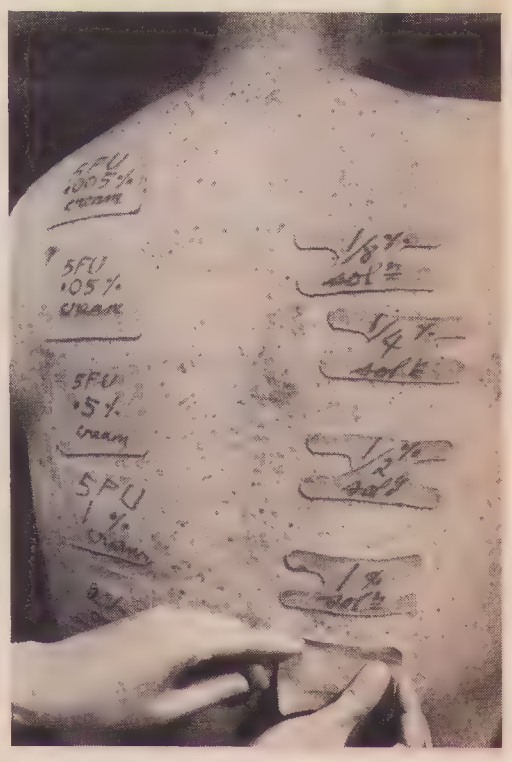


Dr. Klein, working under American Cancer Society and National Cancer Institute grants, directed the eight-man team that developed ointments for skin cancer at New York State cancer hospital in Buffalo.

Next step: to get inside the body

When Dr. Klein and his team began their project five years ago, they did not expect to discover a cancer cure and in fact were not even looking for one. They were doing basic research into the nature of the disease and they focused on skin cancer because it was easy to observe. Testing the effects of local applications of cancer-inhibiting drugs, they were astonished to observe that some cancers disappeared altogether. In theory, at least, many kinds of internal cancer might respond to local application the same way. But the problem, obviously, is one of access: how, for example, do you apply twice-daily medication to a malignant brain tumor? In the past, doctors had used the scatter-gun effect, infusing the system with massive doses of inhibitors and hoping enough would reach the cancerous cells to do the job. Invariably, the body would rebel before treatments could continue long enough. Now, Dr. Klein's group is beginning to find ways of concentrating their therapy on the places where it is needed. They have controlled pre-cancerous growths inside the mouth by pasting adhesive pads soaked with drugs directly on the lesions. They hope that similar techniques will be developed by doctors dealing with other cancer-prone spots, such as the larynx and esophagus. Ultimately they feel surgery might be used to implant capsules that would dispense inhibitors into less accessible organs.

The research has yielded other bonuses. The salves have turned out to be excellent detectors of skin cancer even before it becomes visible. Smeared on patches of skin, they cause telltale blotches at potentially malignant sites, enabling doctors to begin treatment with the salves at once. Most recently Dr. Klein's group has hit upon a way of harnessing the antibodies churned up in patients who react adversely to certain of the drugs. When a skin cancer patient is given a small dose of a drug to which he is allergic, his system develops antibodies which attack the malignancy and in some cases destroy it.



Carefully controlled tests are made on the back of a skin cancer patient to determine his reaction to varying amounts of drug 5-Fluorouracil in salve and solution. For victims of skin cancer who also have internal malignancies, such tests can help predict the effectiveness of the drug before it is injected into the system.

Omega Seamaster de Ville: the elegant, slender timepiece that is also a high-precision sports watch. Movement winds itself. Case seals out water and dust. Calendar changes automatically at midnight. As illustrated: In 18 ct. gold, $290. 14 ct. gold capped, $160. Stainless steel, $130. Other Seamaster de Ville models from $70.

This Omega Seamaster de Ville is actually four watches in one, outmoding ordinary, single-function watches

1. A sturdy sports watch, for outdoor and beach wear.
2. A dependable calendar watch, for up-to-date accuracy in business.
3. A slim, elegant dress watch, for formal occasions.
4. A self-winding precision watch... you set it and forget it.

■ **A watch with a purpose.** Omega has designed the Seamaster de Ville specially for the man who leads a full, active life. By using new techniques it has been possible to add rugged dependability to a sports watch-about-town. And this has been done without sacrificing one precious second of fabulous Omega accuracy.

So now, with the Seamaster de Ville, you have a watch that is right for every occasion.

■ **The secret of slimness.** This great advance is due to a remarkable new, one-piece watch-case, which has no detachable back and is therefore much more slender. Inside it Omega craftsmen have been able to place not only the strong, shock-protected, high-precision movement, but also a self-winding mechanism and automatic calendar.

■ **A companion for life.** The elegant Seamaster de Ville is a triumph of watchmaking ingenuity, a worthy addition to the renowned range of accurate Omega timepieces. It will keep good time in each of your busy lives and it may well stay with you for all of them.

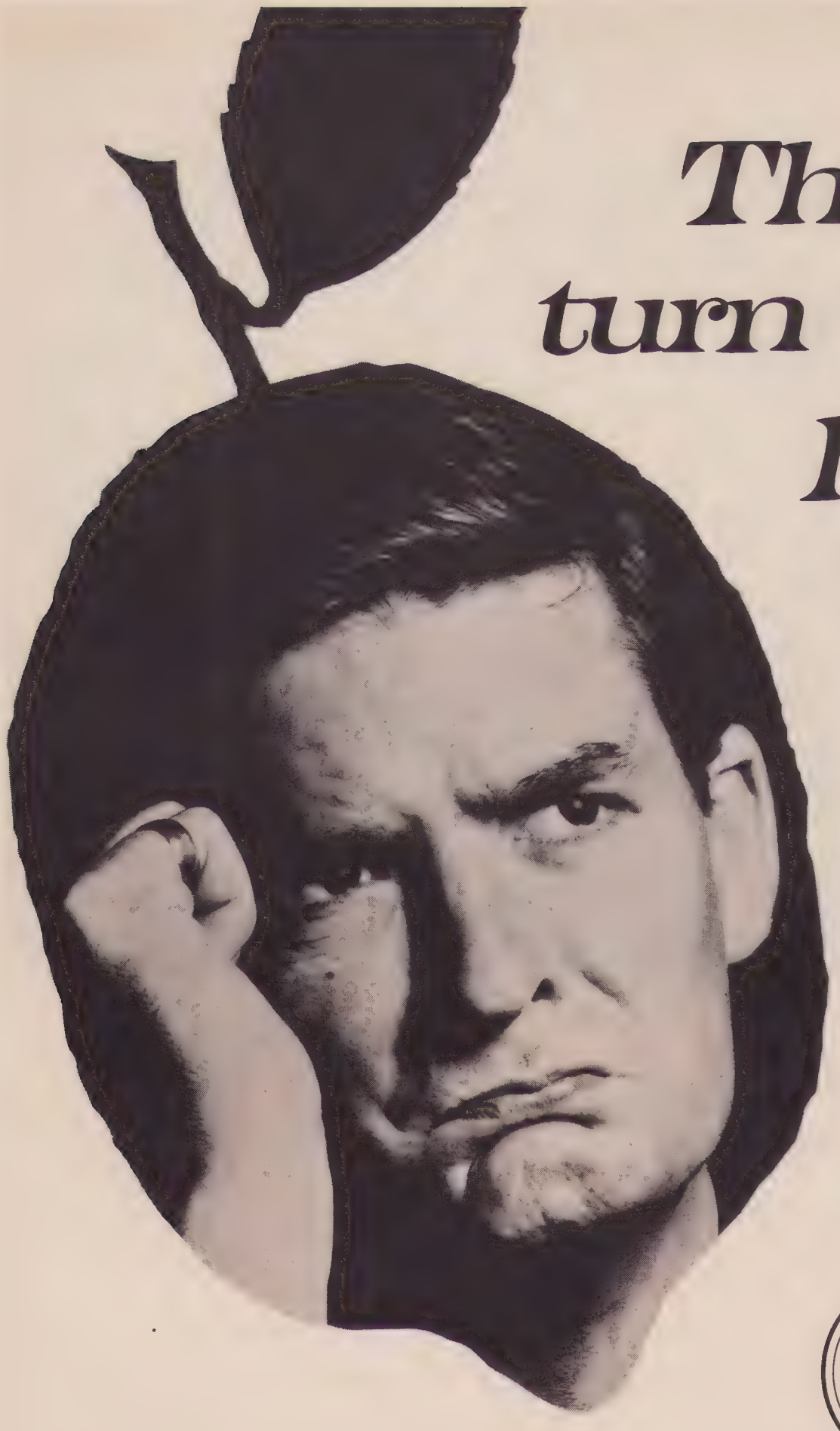
■ **A lifetime of care.** And, wherever you may live, wherever you may travel, you will find Omega Service close at hand.
The Omega Service Network, staffed by factory-trained experts, is spread over 156 countries. The Omega one-year International Guarantee is honored in all of these countries, regardless of where you bought your watch.
Some day you, too, will own an Omega.

MEXICO 1968

Omega has been appointed official timekeeper to the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico.

OM6773

Ω OMEGA



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Your A.M.P. policy, backed by $1,700 million in assets, is one investment with "Blue Chip" quality. A.M.P. profitably links your need for safe funds with insurance protection. Tax concessions for your investment make A.M.P. "Blue Chip" insurance even more rewarding.

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ACCEPT NOTHING LESS THAN "BLUE CHIP" PROTECTION

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Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets exceeding $1,700 million which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

M572

...fresher flavour

CRAVEN FILTER

belongs to the world of today

Now is the time to make the change, join the people who have made the change, and you'll enjoy the better taste of Craven Filter.

K593

Berlei Fancy Free streamlining– for the woman who wears the pants!

Women haven't changed. Fashions have. Fashion puts you in pants. So, one-upping the sleekest pants story, Berlei puts you in Fancy Free. A smooth sculpture of weightless Lycra cunningly seamed and panelled to shape and flatter you under your pants suit.
Fancy Free flattens your tummy. The contoured back is designed with intrigue to lift and shape you—naturally. Panels of power over hips and thighs etch out one long, smooth line.
FANCY FREE runs the gamut of leg lengths with detachable, non-bulk concealed suspenders. Available also as a *girdle* in waistline or hi-waist styling for smooth shaping under your skirt suits.
Try on a FANCY FREE pantie girdle today and look devastating in your new pants suit.
586 Berlei FANCY FREE pantie girdle with 6" leg, shown here in skintone, also available in white, black. $12.50.
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Consulate pure white filter gives you the flavour of fine tobaccos enhanced by a touch of refreshing menthol. That is why Consulate is always fresh – cool as a mountain stream.

Menthol Fresh

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CF53L

FLEETING MOMENT OF TRUTH

Remember, Gomez, you must never show fear. Don't forget he's more terrified of you than you are of him. Now first you assume a position of rigid grace—that's the *muchacho*. You're awaiting the moment of truth with serenity, right? Gomez, be sure to focus his attention on the cape, not on you. Shake it a bit; it's not the color, it's the movement. And whatever you do, let him come to you. Don't, *en el nombre de Dios*, don't go to him. When he charges, simply turn sideways and flick the cape with a dexterous movement of thumb and forefinger. *Comprende?* Okay, Gomez, all set? That's right, calmness, rigid grace . . . Gomez? *Gomez!*

ZODIAC CORSAIR AUTOMATIC. Self-winding, calendar, waterproof. 725 922 18 ct gold, 723 922 gold-filled, 722 922 stainless steel. Also available for ladies, in steel or gold-filled.

With ZODIAC... a lot more value, satisfaction and personality!

Your watch is one of your most important personal belongings. Choose it carefully. ZODIAC offers you beauty, reliability and accuracy. More than any other make, it stresses your personality.

Technically faultless construction: every ZODIAC watch is fully protected from shock; its vital parts are all made of antimagnetic metal which is unaffected by variations of temperature, and their dimensions are gauged to the nearest thousandth of a millimetre. ZODIAC is the name for automatic watches.

Extraordinary feats of regulating, thanks to the balance frequency of 21,600 vibrations per hour. ZODIAC produces standard models of officially certified chronometers.

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Greater longevity. ZODIAC waterproof watches in gold, stainless steel or rolled gold are guaranteed watertight to a depth of 50 metres (150 feet), or 200 metres (600 feet) in the case of skin-divers' models.

The security of an international trademark. The qualities inherent in every ZODIAC watch are maintained by an impeccable aftersale service, organized in more than 75 countries.

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18 ct gold on 18 ct gold bracelet, faceted sapphire glass, gold hour markers, ref. 105 253.

ZODIAC OLYMPOS for ladies
195 250 18 ct gold
193 250 gold-filled
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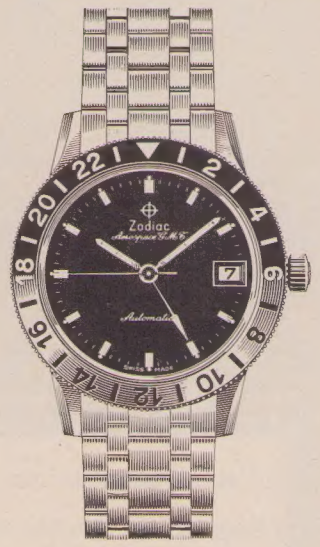
ZODIAC OLYMPOS AUTOMATIC
Self-winding, calendar, waterproof.
723 928/305 gold-filled
722 928/205 stainless steel
725 928 18 ct gold, leather strap



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Self-winding, calendar, guaranteed waterproof to a depth of 200 metres (600 feet).
Stainless steel case.
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Two Record Heads Are Better Than One!! -Especially Below 7-1/2 IPS

AKAI's Cross-Field Recording Technique Proves It!!

Model X-355
Solid State Professional Stereo Tape Recorder
"Solid state" means solid stable high-value in this superior-performance stereo system. Your imagination is the only limit to the utility and versatility you can get from this 50-watt, 3-speed, 4-track masterpiece for the discriminating enthusiast. You're ready for any situation with such features as Reverse-O-Matic, Repeat-O-Matic, remote control, sound-on-sound, sound-with-sound, and many others. 3 separate motors plus the exclusive Cross-Field Technique —using two record heads—one for bias and one for the audio signal.

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Service and maintenance facilities are available in the U.S.A. Write to us for a list of Akai Service Shops. AKAI TAPE RECORDERS are also available at US Army and Air Forces PACEX Exchanges, the Navy Exchange and the Marine Corps Exchange.

Write your name and address and return with this coupon. We will send you a free brochure.

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***IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF* LIFE**

New swim suits, bold and bare

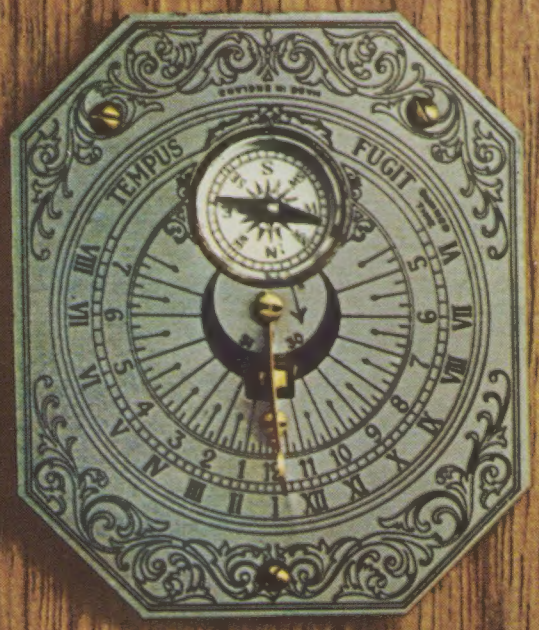
At one of the brightest and smartest jet set resorts, Acapulco, LIFE *assembles an international collection of the newest swim suits from all over the world and shows, in a color portfolio, the bold, bare fashions that will shortly be appearing on beaches everywhere.*

ALSO IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

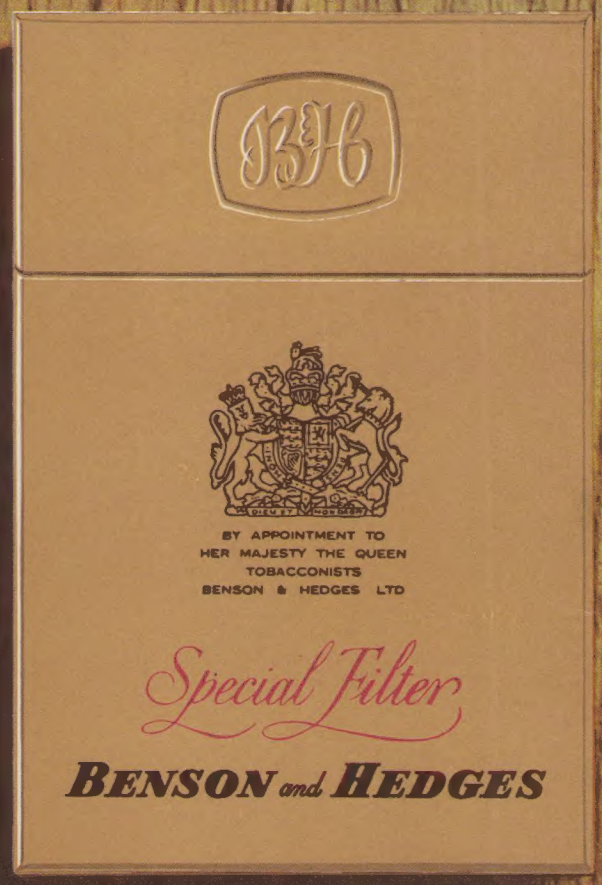
PART TWO OF A SERIES:
Scientists study the shark

AUSTRALIAN ART
A big new show in the U.S.

BENSON and HEDGES



This very special cigarette demands a very special box...



and gets it... in GOLD

Money can buy no finer, smoother cigarettes. Made of superb tobaccos perfectly blended and married to exactly the right filter, Benson & Hedges could not be allowed to come to you in an ordinary box. Nor do they. Far from it. We pack them in a golden metal covered case suitable to their outstanding quality. The metal resists moisture, heat and light. The strength of the box keeps Benson & Hedges perfectly firm and round. These wonderful cigarettes demand a very special box... and get it—in *gold*.

BENSON and HEDGES *Special Filter*

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things go better with big, big Coke

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